Special Issue — THE OHIO VALLEY, A REGIONAL INVENTORY

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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by Walter Havighurst

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by Heath Bowman

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by Philip D. Jordan

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THE LOST DAUPHIN
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NON-CONFORMING REDISCOVERER
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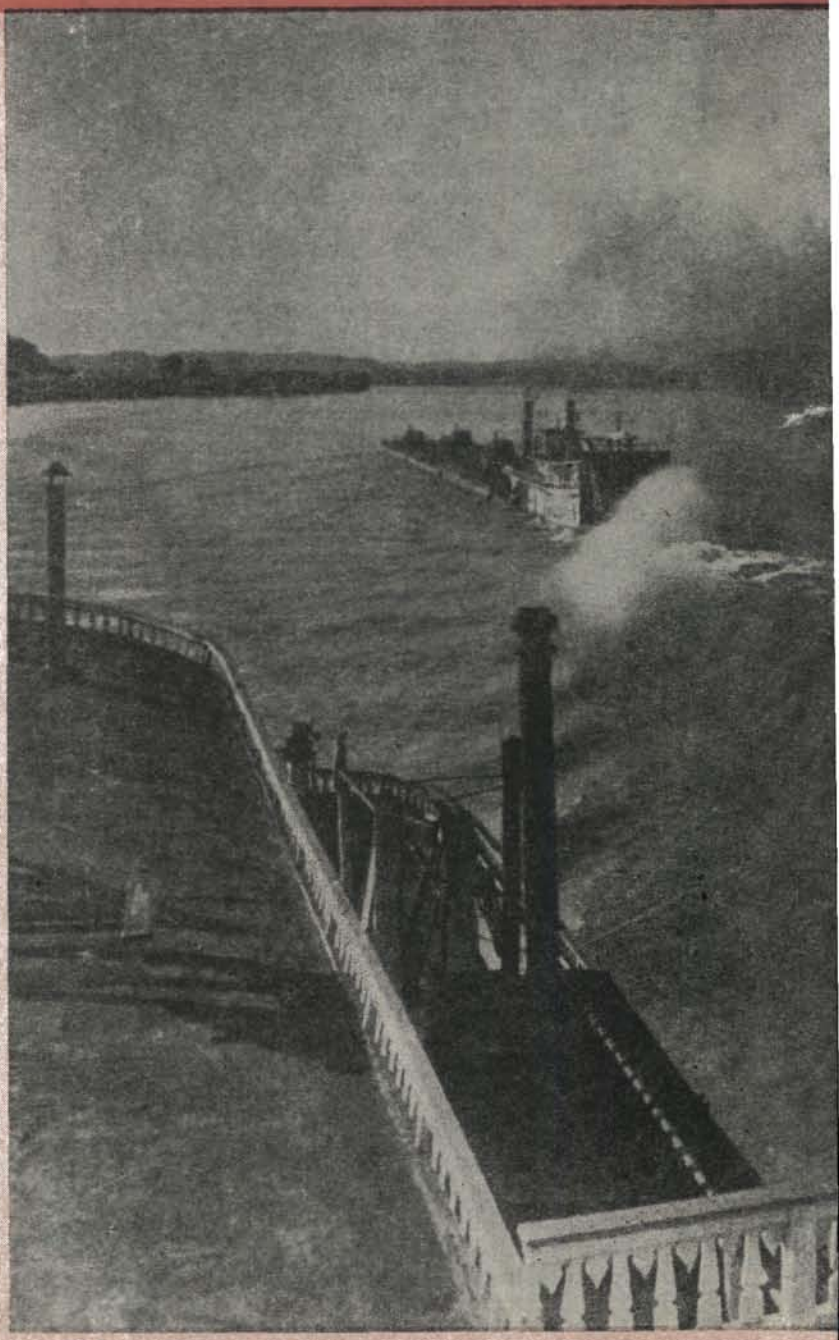

—*From "The Cincinnati Guide."*
Ohio River Steamboat and Ferry

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The Saturday Review of Literature

THE OHIO VALLEY— A CULTURAL INVENTORY

Sixth in a Series of Special Regional Numbers

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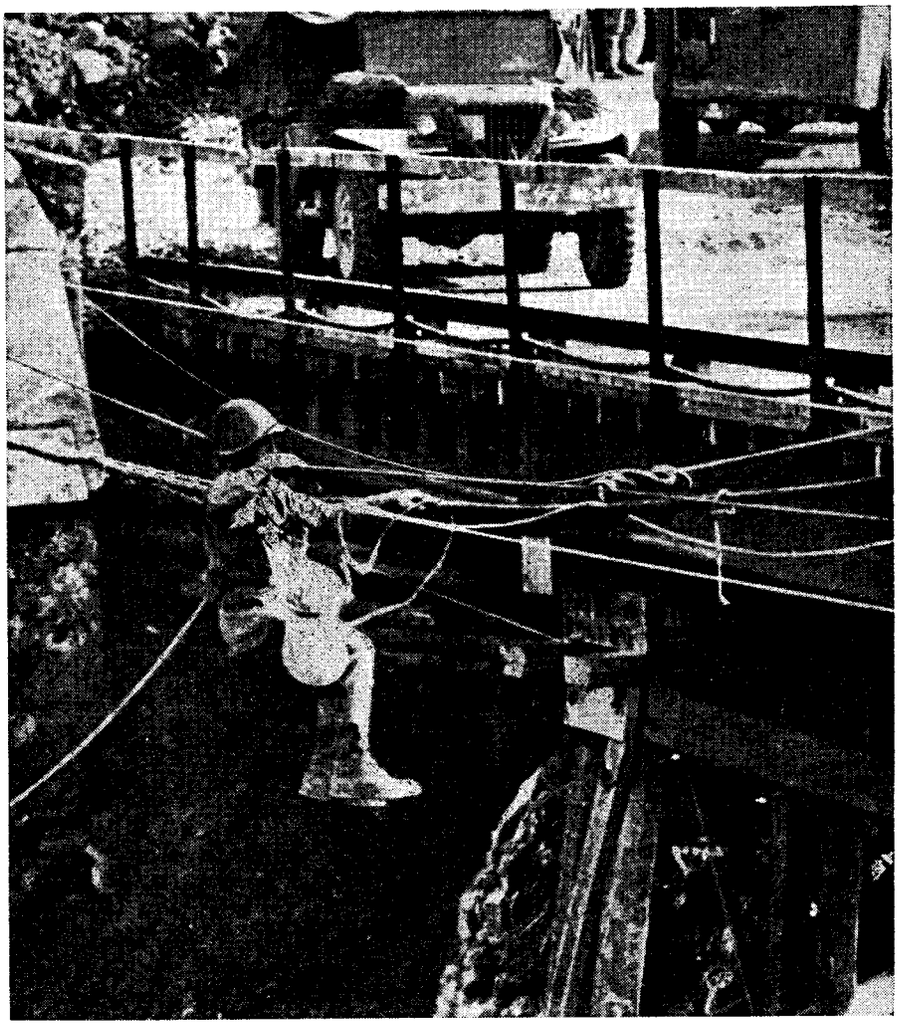

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The decisive two minutes

DAY before yesterday we published a book called MY LIFE TO THE DESTROYERS written by Captain L. A. Abercrombie and Fletcher Pratt. It is about the United States Ship *Drayton*, a destroyer at one time known throughout the Pacific fleet as the "Blue Beetle", and the men who manned and fought her in action after action during the opening months of the war against Japan. You will find quite a bit about her in BATTLE REPORT—that excellent history of the first six months after Pearl Harbor—but nothing like the full and vivid story Fletcher Pratt and Captain Abercrombie have given in the pages of their book.

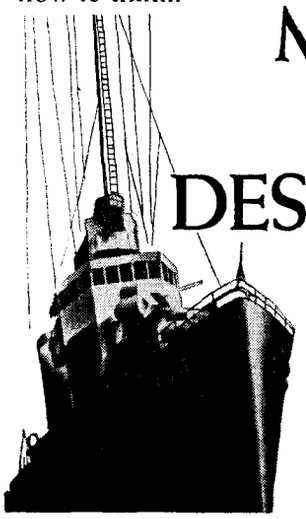
But that is not the reason we published MY LIFE TO THE DESTROYERS. The war has produced a thousand sagas of hard fighting and heroism, and there will be thousands more before it is over. What seemed to us genuinely important about this book was that it was one of the few to be written by an officer in command of a fighting unit. Even more important, it shows exactly how officers in command—and they are a relatively select cadre of men on whom responsibility rests day and night—have to think in advance. Accurate and intelligent preplanning, not only for a definite offensive action but *for all eventualities*, is their most important work.

For a few hours of every day the commanding officer of a destroyer unit goes off by himself and thinks. He has done this so many days that he has already imagined hundreds of different sets of circumstances which may suddenly involve his ships, and figured out the answers to the dilemmas. He rehearses each of them so accurately that when the time for action comes, it's automatic and lightning-fast. Here is Captain Abercrombie on the subject:

"The commodore goes below for a bath, a shave, and his clean uniform, and then settles down. The process carries no implication of leisure . . . there are fitness reports to be made out on the captains under his command . . . then he gets down to the real business—a good deal of straight, hard thinking . . . What if three enemy heavy cruisers approached us at night from off the port bow?

"It's a straight mental manipulation. The answer to this, the answer to every other possible contact situation, has to be worked out with perfect clarity in the mind of the division leader, right down to the exact words of the orders he will give . . . Modern naval war moves so fast, the guns shoot so straight and hit so hard that the first two or three minutes of any action are absolutely decisive. In such a situation the commander has no time to do even the most elementary thinking. He must have the whole thing on tap . . . I have seen officers at a nice social occasion suddenly go blank in the midst of a conversation, their eyes fixed on a point beyond one's head. They were not bored, absent-minded, or discourteous. Some tactical combination they had never thought of before had suddenly occurred to them, and they were making a mental note . . ."

The stamp of that kind of rigorous mental discipline underlies Captain Abercrombie's whole dramatic account of his ship and how she fought her actions. MY LIFE TO THE DESTROYERS (the title comes from Job, 33:22) gave us, at least, a sharp understanding of why our Navy has mastered the Pacific, starting from the handicap of one of the great naval defeats of our history. It seems to us to make not only a great story but a point that it is important to remember—wars are won by the commanders who think better and faster than the enemy. Captain Abercrombie (Navy Cross and two gold stars) is one of the men who have set this country on the high road to victory in the Pacific. He knows how to think.



MY LIFE to the DESTROYERS

by CAPTAIN L. A. ABERCROMBIE *and* FLETCHER PRATT

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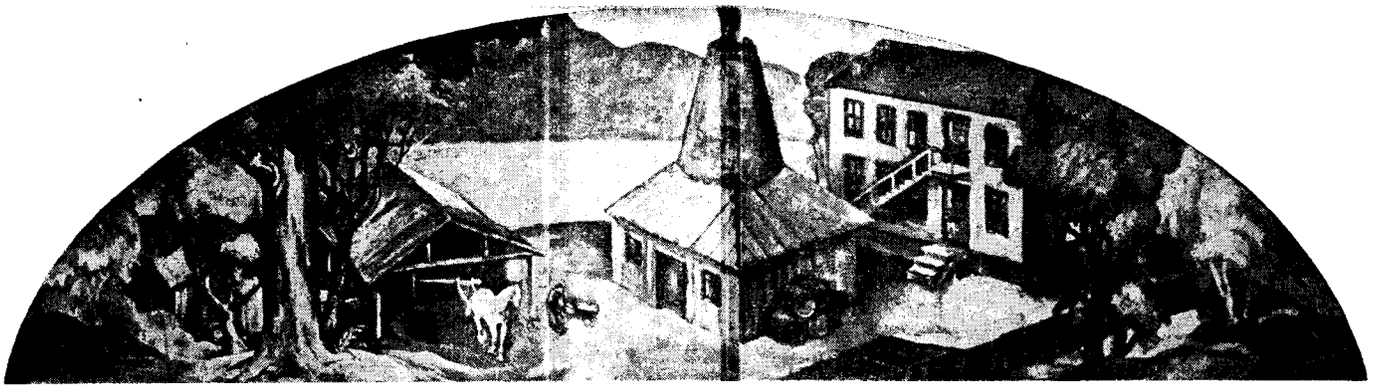

—From the lunette by Roland Schweinsburg

The Ohio Valley

A Cultural Middle Ground

A CENTURY and a half ago the "Ohio Country" stretched vague and vast from the Eastern mountains to the prairies of Illinois. The first Americans came to it by the mountain passes.

Cumberland Gap is a noted place—
Three kinds of water to wash your face.

The best kind was the water that flowed to the Ohio, and the settlers followed it. So they came to the broad, Westward-leading valley, and in a generation they had created the commonwealths of Kentucky, Ohio, and Indiana. It is this region, the eastern portion of the Middle West, that is denoted "the Ohio Valley" in this issue, the sixth in the series of special regional numbers published by *The Saturday Review.*

It is part of a larger region. Historically the three states belong to the social movement that settled the entire Northwest Territory; geographically they belong to the Mississippi basin which extends to the up-curving Missouri River and the long, up-slanting plains. But the Ohio Valley is a distinct part of the Middle West. It is a full generation older than the Chicago area, and two generations older than the states on the west bank of the Mississippi. It is more varied—with its mingled industry and agriculture, its nearly equally divided urban and rural population, and its racial streams which merge colonial Virginia and colonial New England with a large influx direct from central Europe. And despite two prideful traditions, Hoosier and Bluegrass, it is less conscious of regional identity than the remainder of the Middle West.

A favorite book in the early years of the Ohio Country, when books were scarcer than records carved on a slate-smooth beech trunk, was "Gulliver's Travels." "The Indians," Simon Kenton, border scout, recalled years after the West was won, "never made but two settlements in Kentucky—one at Slate Creek, and one at a place called Lul-bel-grud." And Daniel Boone himself explained in a garbled way where that garbled name came from. "I encamped on Red River with five other men," he said, "and we had with us for our amusement the 'History of Samuel (*sic*) Gulliver's Travels,' whence he gave an account of his young master, Glumdelick, careing (*sic*) him on a market day for a show to a town called Lulbegrad. A young man of our camp called Alexander Neely told us that he had been that day to Lulbegrad and had killed two Broddigings in their capital." From "Gulliver" was named Lulbegrad Creek, which remains on the map of Kentucky to this day.

THEN the Ohio Valley was as strange as the fantastic lands of Gulliver's four voyages. It was a domain of darkness and mystery, lying beyond the known America. All its dimensions were impressive, and the giant land of the Brobdingnags was a likely comparison. Its rivers were broad and deep. Its northern lake was vast as a sea. From Pennsylvania the land unrolled over rough hills to unmeasured tracts of level country. And the Great Forest covered it like a rug, threaded by the paths of Indians and trampled at the salt licks by the big game animals.

Now the strangeness and the wildness are gone. It is tame: you know what lies over the horizon for a hundred miles. It is productive: each section has its fame for horses or hogs, tobacco or corn, vineyards or soy beans; and each city has its product—machine tools, rubber tires, plate-glass, cash registers. It is so typical that its people have little awareness of particularity. In other places a newsman asks a foreign visitor, "What is your impression of Boston?—of New York?—of California?" Here he asks, "What do you think of America?"

It is a uniform, wide-spreading, open country—a land without barriers. In winter when wind and frost have made transparent the scattered maple groves you can look far off on all sides till the ringed horizon touches the up-curving sky. This is a glacial land, ironed out ages ago by vast sheets of creeping ice. It remains rich and always accessible, a country without mystery, with nothing hidden, nothing denied. Often it seems the landscape of democracy, the country of the open road. "Here the profound lesson of acceptance, nor preference nor denial." The towns straggle out into cornfields, the cities push into the open country with their roadhouses, subdivisions, airports. It is an unfinished country, and a society which has not settled into permanence.

This region, which is no region, is a meeting ground of North and South, of East and West. Its sentiments are scattered; its backgrounds ray out in many directions. It was settled by restless men from all the seaboard colonies, and it grew populous with the inrush of peoples direct from Europe. In Ohio alone there are a dozen towns named for Old World capitals—there are Lisbon, Moscow, Dublin, Paris and New Paris, London and New London, Vienna, New Vienna, and South Vienna, Berlin, Berlin Heights, and Berlin Center, and two separate Romes. There can be nothing single or singular about the culture of so eclectic a society.

These are notes that might be made about many portions of America. And that is the point. The Ohio Valley is typical, perhaps it is most typical. For fifty years the center of the nation's population has been moving slowly westward across central Indiana. It is a middle ground. The facts of geography and the currents of commerce have made it a crossroads. The high-

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ways, railroads, and air lines bring virtually all transcontinental travel through this Valley. Perhaps the moods of America have made themselves felt more clearly here.

Literature crosses borders more easily than any other human activity. In its literary function the Ohio Valley has reached out in many directions and has, in turn, sent out its energies to the periphery of America. Instead of producing unique movements it has served as a middle ground, fusing the national culture, helping to quicken the national mind and conscience. In its textbooks McGuffey brought the refinements of New England and old England to the red schoolhouse of the frontier. At about the same time two Ohio newspapermen, signing themselves "Artemus Ward" and "Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby," first gave expression to the crude and racy "Western humor." An Ohio man, Howells, went East to edit *The Atlantic Monthly* and to foster a new realism in fiction. Later it was men from this valley, Dreiser and Anderson, who shaped Naturalism and began the psychological scrutiny of titans and villagers. The pattern has been an absence of pattern; the region's literature has been marked by curiosity, impatience, change.

It will remain a middle ground. The topography of North America is unlike that of any other continent, having broader and simpler lines and being dominated by a great central basin between coastal mountain systems. That makes a heartland in the country. Inevitably the main currents of political, economic, and cultural life will pass through it, and, as is natural with a heartland, many of the currents will be generated there.

WALTER HAVIGHURST,
Guest Editor.

Those, Those Hoosiers

Cultivation in Indiana Isn't Confined to Corn

HEATH BOWMAN

JUST at the turn of the century, it blossomed. There was hardly a literate soul in the country who was not reading one or more of the sudden outpourings by Indiana authors. Their sales ran into thousands, their titles headed the lists: Charles Major's "When Knighthood Was in Flower"; Meredith Nicholson's "The House of a Thousand Candles"; Gene Stratton Porter's "Song of the Cardinal"; George Barr McCutcheon's "Graustark"; George Ade's "Fables in Slang"; Booth Tarkington's "The Gentleman from Indiana"; even Riley's "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" sold more than any other single poem ever had. And, although very few people found copies to read, at the same time came Theodore Dreiser's "Sister Carrie." All of them published practically at once, within a year or so. Dreiser had ushered the old century out with an epitaph for a type that would vanish, and Tarkington brought the new one in with a manner appropriately gay for this best of all possible centuries, as they were sure it would be.

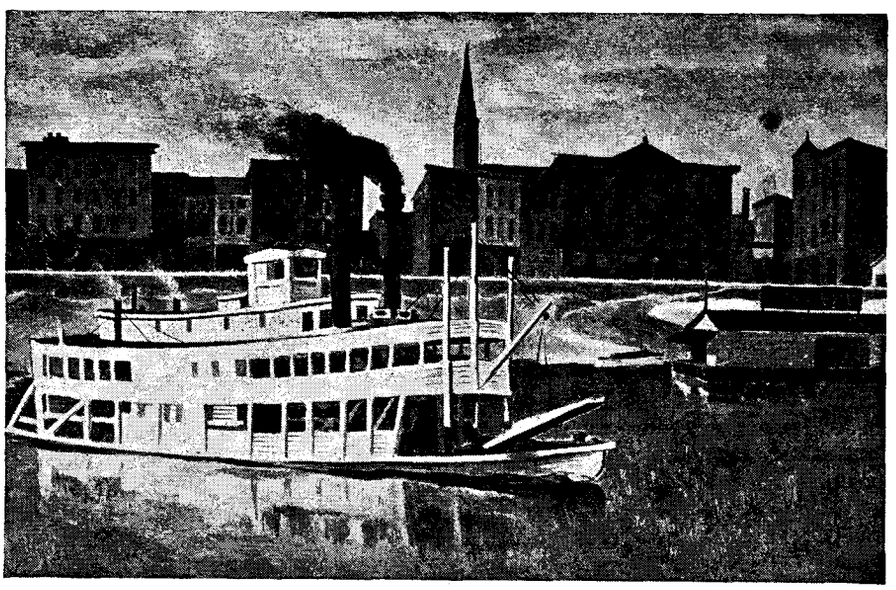
Immediately, when one talks of the Hoosier tradition, one begins to ask questions rather than to answer them dogmatically. And if you are not a Hoosier, you are bound to ask: Why should it have happened *there,* to those —those Hoosiers? In the very manner of your asking lies one clue, even though you may never have heard of the opprobrious origin of the name that has come to be recognized as widely as the New England "Yankee."

Only two or at the most three generations before this outburst of Hoosier prose, the early Indianians were guiding their flatboats along the Ohio and down the great Mississippi to New Orleans. And there it was that they received the name "hoosier": an epithet that had come originally from Lancashire, that meant a tall and green and gawky lad. A yokel, a hick. A backwoodsman who obviously didn't know much about book larnin'.

Was Indiana writing therefore a kind of compensation for that laughter? A kind of determination to show the world? Unquestionably that motive went into the molding of the Hoosier character, and is important to remember. But, even as the flatboats glided south, a man by the name of Samuel Merrill came out from Vermont with his books, and established in Indianapolis, the new capital, the only publishing firm west of the Alleghanies which still ranks with the great houses. Many another early citizen was widely read, and articulate, despite the aspersions cast by Baynard Rush Hall when he wrote "The New Purchase." Still, there *were* aspersions. . . .

Historically speaking, the Hoosier tradition began in 1871 with the appearance of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," by Edward Eggleston, a preacher's son who grew up in one of the most charming of Ohio river towns, Vevay, where the Swiss had come to plant their vineyards. For the period, it was an unvarnished account of a strident regionalism.

Just about that time a happy-go-lucky kid was peddling Dr. McCrillus's Popular Standard Remedies, which he had helped make household words from the St. Mary's to the White River. As he rollicked along behind that buckboard, the waters of the Mississinewa, of all the myriad creeks, the golden acres of the land sang out—and he sang, too. At home in Greenfield on the National Road, his trunk began collecting verses. For many years to come those verses would be doled out, for this was his greatest period of production; the first published one would shortly appear in *Hearth and Home.* He sang of the simple things he knew, unashamedly, without the need of the philosophical explanation he heard Rob-



—From the mural by Richard Zoellner
Ohio River Ferry Boat

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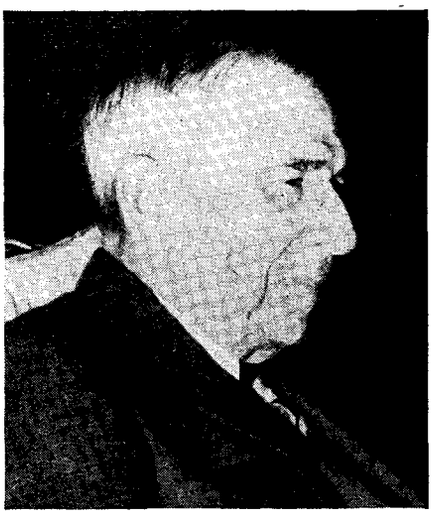
ert G. Ingersoll deliver: "Nothing is more marvellous than the everyday facts of life. . . ." For James Whitcomb Riley had discovered that truism by intuition.

Most of those future Hoosier authors knew Jim Riley as his fame spread, all of them knew his verses by heart; they rocked with laughter or grief at his recitations up and down the land with Bill Nye. For they heard those slightly gnarled words as they should be spoken, as the less privileged later generations could never experience them. And the goal was painted for these aspirants, they saw it brightening the way. It was possible, they began to understand, that writing also could make you not only respectable but respected. Respected, because you could make money at it.

For another of theirs had proven that fact beyond doubt in the early eighties: General Lew Wallace, of Covington and Crawfordsville and the Civil War, had written "Ben Hur." He had recopied it in purple ink by night after his labors as a solemn Governor of far-off New Mexico Territory.

BUT these three—Eggleston, Riley, and Wallace—rather afforded an inspiration, perhaps, than pointed a tradition. For here lay three precedents, not one: would they follow realism, lyricism, or romanticism? It was the mere encouragement these younger writers wanted: for them, the zest to write—to write anything—was more potent than an inner necessity to describe and explain their peculiar milieu. And most of those best sellers of the early nineteen-hundreds dwelt on castles and kings and exotic lands, or the strangeness Hoosiers felt when they went forth to the Big Cities.

Dreiser, of course, was the great anomaly. Brought up on the wrong side of the tracks, among coal miners and madames of sporting houses, it was a long time—not until 1916—before he could bring himself to don a linen duster and go all the way west again, mentally and physically, to make his "A Hoosier Holiday." It was even much later before he could set down those early agonizing years in "Dawn," one of the most remarkable autobiographies America has yet seen. Booth Tarkington, on the other hand, felt few of these strictures, and came home almost immediately from Princeton to drive his red-wheeled runabout behind his handsome pair of trotters and to view his countryside with mingled love and amusement. Although "Monsieur Beaucaire" already had been written and accepted by *McClure's*, it was "The Gentleman" which the Hoosiers first read. And a lot of folks didn't much like his opening chapters about that dusty, sleepy little Hoosier town of "Plattville," and the talk of political corruption and the terrorism of the "white caps." Tark had something there, though, and the nation acknowledged it. Best of any of his contemporaries he would combine the various expressions of his earlier mentors.



—*Acme*

—*Acme*

Exponents and exemplars of the Indiana faith: Booth Tarkington, left, and Everyman's Ernie Pyle.

All of them must have had a yearning not as clear to us today as it was in that more tentative age—a yearning not only for expression but to prove to themselves and the world that "cultivation" in Indiana didn't always mean tending corn or tomatoes. They and their readers together yearned for a more exciting world, and they were proud and confident from the battles they had won: against that early opprobrium attached to the flatboatmen, against the poverty of the log cabin, against the Eastern political bosses—even against the literary Brahmins of Boston. The Indiana tradition did not profess to include much soul-searching. It was spacious and pleasant as their wide lawns, and as consciously limited as if curtailed by those elegant cast-iron fences. There were a few iron deer, too—good enough imitations of non-indigenous elements—in their stories. But, like those spreading lawns and hospitable ginger-bread houses, their works began to dwindle, were encroached upon by forces outside their favorite state. The smoke of the factories and the First World War seemed to wither them; and there were no new contenders for the old honors.

If it is a question why this tradition sprang up, it is just as much a puzzle why it began to vanish. But there are more tangible clues. For one thing, some of the old exuberance faded away. The Hoosier was still every bit as proud of his name, but he no longer had to fight for it. More significantly, certain elements had been absent from that tradition which killed its staying power. The state that would as soon talk politics as eat produced only one or two political novels of any worth; the region that harbored more than its share of corruption and bigotry—from the days of the Copperheads to the Klan in the twenties—never did justice to that characteristic of the American scene. And although they still produce as fine a crop of county fairs as their corn and hogs, they have never properly immortalized that part of their folklore.

Indiana did, however, capture its humor: Ade and Riley and McCutcheon, Kin Hubbard (one of the best, with his syndicated Abe Martin of Brown County), and Tarkington—all of them could use the skeptical, homely simile, the down-to-earth, deceptively humble metaphor. That was the greatest common denominator of the flowering: even Dreiser caught the spirit when he wrote of his minstrel brother Paul. That was the core which gave to the nation Tom Marshall's famous phrase as he presided over the Senate: "What this country needs is a good five-cent cigar."

And that element in its purely literary expression is dead. I venture to prophesy the Indiana tradition died with it. Unlike the present Southern group of writers, the Hoosiers had built upon a foundation of optimism: their shortcomings had vanished, their bins were full, their men ran for high office. Even when they did not write about themselves, they exuded the feeling that life was good and not too complex. The past had brought them in sight of a wonderful future.

Not every trace has gone today. But Hoosierism now persists as a self-conscious expression of that well-known personality, proud and confident and unashamed. It cannot be said to be altogether dead when, every morning, four million readers open their papers to drink in some of the best of that Hoosier quality: everyman's Ernie Pyle.

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Roots in the Valley

The Early Writers Caught a Luring Tempo

PHILIP D. JORDAN

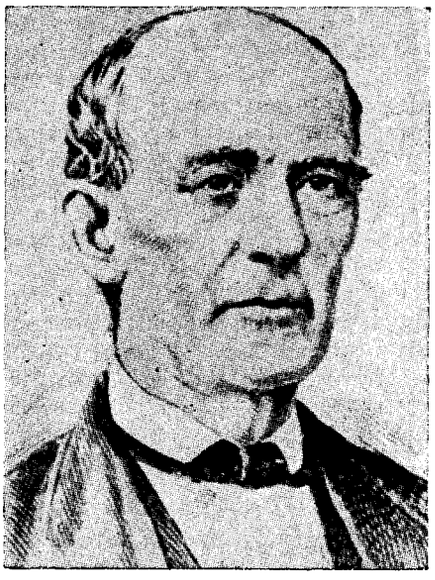
THE Ohio country, rim of the frontier during the pulsing, restless early decades of the nineteenth century, was no easy land of milk and honey where romanticism flourished in forest clearing and chinked cabin. Moralists found little welcome in the stern back-of-beyond where pioneer realists adopted the philosophy that "gals 'er like 'taters, when they're big enough, they're old enough."

Sallow-faced emigrants, from Fort Pitt, down past Marietta to the Licking and Miami rivers, and on to where the Ohio flowed into the Mississippi, carved an empire from a vast timbered land of Indians, and of fever and ague, dysentery, cholera, typhoid, and milksickness. The hunter looked upon Nature with suspicion, and the sower, a confirmed skeptic, kicked savagely at the moldboard of his homemade plow. When Buckeyes embraced religion, they were apt to shun the "desiccated" theology of the Presbyterians and Congregationalists and whoop it up for days at a time with a jug of corn likker and a rip-snortin' Baptist or Methodist circuit-rider. Their heroes frequently were as lusty as the frontier—big and vulgar men with a quid in their cheeks and an oath on their lips who could gouge an eye, twist the greased neck of a fat goose, or belly-laugh at a bawdy tale.

The authors of the Valley reflected this individualistic tradition and, in their way, were as crude and as rough and ready as any river bully. Although clothed in broadcloth, their thoughts and actions were buckskin. Leaders of rival medical colleges fought pen battles with one another almost as savagely as settlers had engaged the warring tribes; grammarians and mathematicians devised their own peculiar texts and defended them against all comers in quarrels as spirited as levee wrestling matches; and schoolmasters insisted that they alone held the secret to right living and the key to knowledge. William Holmes McGuffey, that patron saint of the aged, produced, with scissors and paste, a series of abecedarian readers which swept across the country and even became a part of the standard equipment of Indian agents in the trans-Missouri West. Travellers found in the Valley a score of themes for prose and verse.

In 1833, James Hall published in his *Western Monthly Magazine* suggestions for Western fiction. The energetic Hall, army officer, editor, and supporter of the famous Semicolon Club of Cincinnati, urged pioneer authors to preserve the costume and dialect of the Valley, to sketch its scenery, delineate its character, portray manners and picture the various arts of social life. Thereupon, scores of writers, some with more enthusiasm than talent, began to set down scenes of novelty, perilous adventures, pious sacrifices, and the curious characters of the backcountry. Among these was Timothy Flint who, as a New England lad, listened to tales of the West where watermelons grew as big as houses, where the flax plant bore woven cloth upon its branches, and where springs of brandy and rum gushed from Kentucky hills.

Flint's "Recollections of the Last Ten Years in the Valley of the Mississippi," published in 1826, was a shrewd delineation of life in the wilderness and caught the color and drama of the river boatman, the New Orleans dandy, and the struggling settler. His novel, "Francis Berrian," was laid on the military frontier and accurately depicts Flint's own adventures en route to Camp Jessup located near the Sabine River. Although the individualistic Flint produced many volumes describing the frontier, his major works were the "Geography and History of the Mississippi Valley" and *The Western Magazine and Review,* a periodical devoted to the encouragement of the Western theme. It was said that Flint wrote as he talked—rapidly, eloquently, poetically, and carelessly.



—*From "The Cincinnati Guide."*

William Holmes McGuffey produced the immortal abecedarian reader.

Other authors in the Valley followed the pattern set by Flint and blazed new trails of their own. That versatile Irishman, William Davis Gallagher, came by four-belled team and flatboat to Ohio when a lad of about eight. He must have eaten of the wild grape, for some of his later prose frequently was not only picturesque, but acid. Perhaps the realism of the frontier lodged early in his bones when he was grubbing out stumps or wearily turning the miller's wheel. A bold thinker, acute critic, and severe satirist, Gallagher edited a series of frontier literary journals, including the *Western Monthly Magazine and Literary Journal,* and later published a collection of his verse under the title of "Miami Woods and Other Poems." An impassioned reformer, he opposed slavery and endorsed a kind of Christian socialism. In many respects he was as unpredictable as the frontier itself.

PERHAPS the most vigorous literary bully who roamed the Western country was a sharp-tongued Yankee from Connecticut who edited the *Louisville Journal* for about forty years. Whenever George Dennison Prentice took up his pen the eagle screamed, not with pride, but from fear. Flowing periods, burning perorations, and scintillant rhetoric singed Prentice's enemies. His literary style was hotter than day-old Bourbon and twice as dangerous. His "Life of Clay" marked the high-water stage of personal abuse, not of Clay but of his political opponents, and his "Prenticeiana," a collection of essays, first was expurgated by friends and the expurgated manuscript then expurgated by prudent publishers. The heat of the frontier was in his veins. Upon one occasion Prentice choked a would-be assassin, flung him upon the ground, and was about to sink a dirk into his heart when he suddenly regained control and said: "I cannot kill an unarmed man."

Pioneer pedagogues, boarding 'round among settlers, were about as colorful a group as any found in the woods. While they might administer liberal doses of "hickory oil" to recalcitrant pupils, they were about as apt to furnish favorites with pipe and tobacco and an occasional pull from the jug. Others, of course, shunned the evils of the flesh and preached a stern morality. But it was their peculiarly unique methods in teaching the log-cabin *trivium*—readin', 'ritin', 'rithmetic—and their irritating texts which marked their individualism.

Almost every prominent schoolmaster attempted a text. A few actually succeeded in writing teaching man-

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uals which caught the pioneer educator's fancy and were used by generations of pupils. Indeed, no story of pioneer writers is complete without mention of three early teachers whose influence was felt far beyond the Valley.

The first of these was Thomas W. Harvey, born in the Old Granite State and emigrating to Ohio at the age of twelve where he first worked on his father's farm and later became a printer's assistant. He attended a seminary for teachers and in 1848 became a school principal. Hard-headed and devoted to strict discipline, Harvey took grammar as his personal enemy. He wrestled with it, as a revivalist with sin, for the remainder of his life. The outward manifestation of the struggle was a series of blue-bound, elementary grammars through which generations of nineteenth-century pupils fought their way in eternal conflict with participles, adverbial elements, and impersonal verbs. The stern Harvey firmly believed that learning, in general, and grammar, in particular, were hard, slow work. Certainly pioneer pupils who studied his grammars had little reason to believe otherwise.

Yet Harvey's grammars were not the only texts to drive home the lesson that schoolin' was dreary. Joseph Ray, a physician turned professor in Cincinnati, wrote a series of "intellectual" arithmetics which confounded pupils in Woodward High School, but were accepted with glee by teachers throughout the Valley and nation who yearned for a series of problems for children and a supplementary book of answers for instructors. By 1860, the one-thousandth improved edition of Ray's second book in arithmetic had been published in Cincinnati by Sargeant, Wilson, and Hinkle. The event caused little rejoicing among children. Too long had they been wearied and perplexed by such problems as: "A man and his wife consume a sack of meal in 15 da.; after living together 6 da., the woman alone consumed the remainder in 30 da.: how long would a sack last either of them alone?"

OF all the backcountry schoolmasters, William Holmes McGuffey became the most famous. His uninspired, moralistic collection of verse and prose,

Of all the backcountry schoolmasters, William Holmes McGuffey became the most famous. His uninspired, moralistic collection of verse and prose, clipped from a variety of sources and bound together as books, were crammed into the heads of defenseless youth from the Allegheny Mountains to the slopes of the Pacific. Smug and perhaps inappropriate, the "McGuffey Readers" failed to draw upon experiences familiar to children in the Western country. With the color and drama

—From the mural by Henrick Martin Mayer
Rural Delivery

of the frontier surrounding him on all sides, McGuffey slighted the West, seemed ignorant of the liberal traditions in the mighty Valley of Democracy, and embraced instead foreign classics and the tie-wig school of New England. But the seeds of zeal were within the black-frocked professor, righteousness was on his side, and pupils in red schoolhouses could either learn his way or be damned. The McGuffey cult, in a sense, reflected in education the reform fringe of the nineteenth century—spiritually it was kin to the Bloomerites, hydrotherapists, phrenologists, and mesmerists of the period as another manifestation of the Valley's self-consciousness. Yet it must not be thought that the textbook writers—Harvey, Ray, and McGuffey—contributed nothing to the cause of knowledge. Their books helped to lay the foundation of learning in the Valley.

Another great teacher and writer of the West was the versatile Dr. Daniel Drake, the "Franklin of Cincinnati," who, although dogmatic as Harvey, Ray, and McGuffey, possessed a keener intellect than any one of them and, by and large, probably contributed more to the success and happiness of mankind than all of them together. Today, McGuffey is primarily a collector's item and the country school only an exercise in rosy retrospect. But Drake needs no admiration society to perpetuate his work, for it lives on by the sheer strength of its mentality as a testimonial to the virility of pioneer days when a young physician laboriously sought to interpret the science of the Western country. Drake's interests embraced the frontier. He was no copyist as was McGuffey, but an original thinker and investigator. Arriving in Kentucky in 1787, Drake was destined to become one of the Valley's most original men of medicine and science.

HIS inquisitive fingers sought out the secrets of a pioneer botany; he observed climatic changes and speculated upon their relation to frontier health; he was the first to investigate the dreaded milksickness of which Lincoln's mother died; and he travelled from the Alleghenies to the Rocky Mountains and from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico to gather material for one of the greatest books to come from the frontier. His "Diseases of the Interior Valley of North America" is one of the monumental classics of American medical literature. Four volumes of pamphlets indicate his interest, not only in medicine, but also in literature, economics, and pioneer life. One of the most brilliant lecturers in his field, he charmed medical students in Cincinnati, Lexington, and Louisville with his originality of thought and clearness of expression. For years he edited the *Western Medical and Physical Journal,* probably the most distinguished early scientific publication of the Western country. Aggressive as the frontier itself, Drake waged a series of professional battles during the course of which he wrote the "Narrative of the Rise and Fall of the Medical College of Ohio" which even today is considered one of the most humorous publications in American medical literature.

In these early writers of the Valley, Manifest Destiny was, consciously or unconsciously, at work. They were agents in the leavening process imposed upon a score of races and a hundred different types of men. They caught the luring tempo of a people, dedicated to Jacksonian democracy, on the march. Their individualism and self-assertiveness, expressed in novel, newspaper editorial, textbook, and medical journal, exemplified the land of cock-a-hoop where a Kentuckian knelt only to God and where even a man of letters could tree his own coon.

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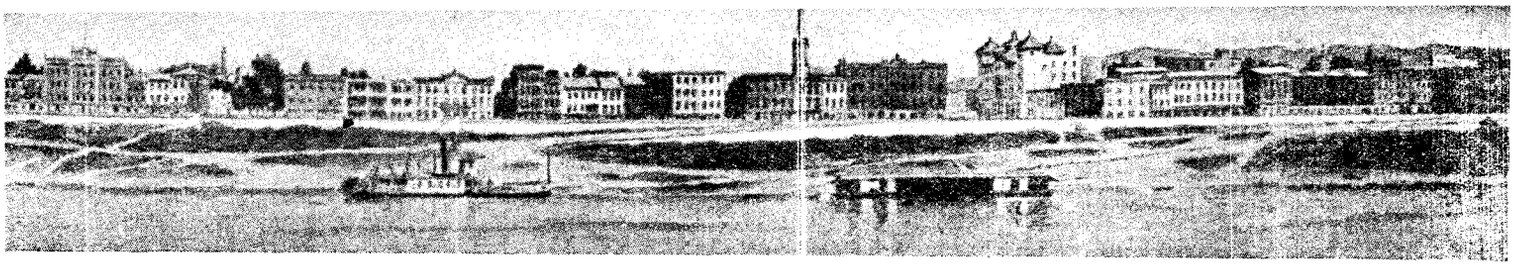


—From the mural by Clarence H. Carter

Changing and Unchanging Shores

CLARK B. FIRESTONE

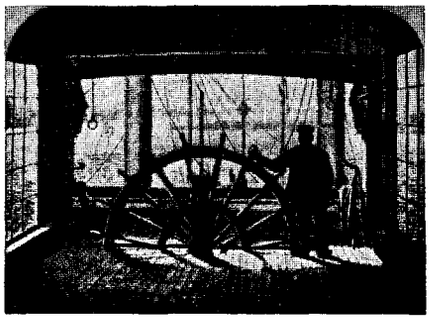
THE French, who appeared on it in the latter part of the seventeenth century, called the Ohio *La Belle Rivière*. Both Frances Trollope, who detested the Mississippi, and Harriet Martineau, who liked nearly everything she saw except the Shakers and slavery, spoke of the beauty of the Ohio's shores and the sparkling cleanness of its waters, as the two women saw them in the early part of the nineteenth century. How stands the matter now, three and one centuries after these appraisals? Instead of crystal clear, the river runs yellow or brown most of the time, always so after freshets or while farmers are cultivating their corn on the framing hills. But there comes a pause in the late summer and early fall, after corn has been laid by, when the water is a translucent green, a sliding mass of jade. No river water could ever have looked better than that.

So far as its shores are concerned, the Ohio must be more beautiful now than it was when French explorers and British authoresses first set eyes upon it. It flowed then through the Great American Forest of which no trace remains on the banks; but the second growth looks to the traveler very like virgin timber as he sees it from a steamboat deck. Between stretches of dark green woodland is the lighter green of pasture fields populous with cattle. Along the banks, from the edge of Pittsburgh clear down to Cairo, runs a frieze of willows. They have a utilitarian task to perform; their matted roots, plus the clay in which they are imbedded, keep the banks from tumbling in, so that the Ohio stays just where it is—unlike the sandy-shored lower Mississippi, which, as Mark Twain said, has nowhere kept to the bed where DeSoto found it in 1541.

Towering above the willows here and there are the white-armed sycamores or planes, greatest of deciduous trees. Celebrated long ago by the poets of Attica, they were celebrated also in the rude speech of settlers, who established homes, stables, blacksmith shops, and even law offices within their hollow trunks when the Old West was young.

The creeks that enter the river on either side might be called the last strongholds of the wilderness. Their banks are overgrown with cottonwood, willows, and thorn bushes, tall herons picket them, and the lesser fur-bearing animals live there. The small rivers keep shifting their mouths up and down stream. These affluents have such names as Moon Hollow Run, Gitaway Creek, Flatfoot Creek, Skull Run. Nearly a hundred are paired off in nomenclature—perhaps because the pioneers were thrifty of speech—so that there are both Big Bull Creek and Little Bull Creek, Big and Little Forked Creek, Big and Little Snag Creek, Big and Little Pigeon Creek, Big and Little Squaw Creek. Until Wayne won the Battle of Fallen Timbers the right bank of the Ohio was known as the Indian Shore.

As you travel the river, the panorama keeps changing, the boat moving out of one reach of water, rounding a headland, and setting a straight course again. It steers by daymarks and government lights—a white cross in the daytime, at night a lantern, perhaps attached to a sycamore tree, the white trunk making it a favored guide post. The water fronts of the larger towns have plenty of color. Wherever there is a wharfboat(at once a floating, freight-laden dock and a steamboat office, and an old-time hotel) it dominates the scene. There are barge harbors, canoe harbors, ferry slips with duck-like boats entering them, the piers of yacht clubs, riverside camps, bathing beaches, boys in swimming or paddling their canoes to meet the swells of passing craft. In a cove may be a village of shanty boats.



—From "American Paddle Steamboats."

Most of the time, however, you are passing wooded hills and farmland. Wherever the hills crowd toward the banks on one side, they recede on the other, leaving a broad plain. Once in a while there is a town. Very likely it is small and in the agreeable architecture of a century ago, with seemly brick houses standing along the bank and church steeples, somewhat after the manner of Christopher Wren, rising among the trees behind.

THERE are cities also, although you come upon them only now and then. The Ohio is spaced and bounded by three items called respectively the Forks, the Falls, and the Mouth. At the Forks, the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela, is the head of navigation, and there is Pittsburgh, capital of the empire of steel. My approach to it one summer afternoon and evening, riding hour after hour between shores where forges were flaming and under skies ablaze with furnace fires, left a memory of power and mastery. At the Falls (which you ride over in high water and go around through a lock at other times) is Louisville, which shall be dismissed here with the reminder that the Kentucky Derby is run there, and that makes it the Capital of Racing. At the mouth is Cairo, where the river enters the Mississippi. Cairo is no city, just an easy-going town with historical associations, which gets into trouble whenever floods on the Mississippi and Ohio gang up on two sides of it.

The foregoing outline omits my own city of Cincinnati. Though not at a focal point, it is the Capital of Navigation on the Ohio. Its proximity to Louisville enables freight boats with full cargoes to make overnight journeys between two industrial cities—perhaps the best transportation set-up anywhere in the Mississippi basin. Generations ago Cincinnati built steamboats by the hundreds. A moonlight boat, a big sidewheeler, issues every year from Cincinnati with a dance orchestra aboard and goes up and down the Ohio and lower Mississippi, taking the people of the river towns on afternoon and evening excursions. The home

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nest of showboats, so long as there were any, was just across the river in the Kentucky city of Covington. Nowadays, if anybody in New York, Chicago, or San Francisco wants to travel the Ohio, descend the Mississippi to New Orleans, ascend it to St. Paul, or go up the Tennessee through the so-called Great Lakes of the South to Muscle Shoals and the Civil War battlefields about Chattanooga, the chances are that he starts from Cincinnati—thanks to a great steamboat family with generations of inland navigation behind it.

Getting ashore, I may say that Cincinnati with its immediate hinterland has given the country five Presidents; that its people have a slight trace of Southern accent of which they are unaware; and that the small green heron, called the fly-up-the-creek (it has a worse name) also comes ashore and at night searches the marble pools of local grandees for goldfish.

To be fair, other Ohio shores have their claims. Unlike their sisters, the towns of Point Pleasant, Gallipolis, and Evansville turn their faces instead of their backs to the river that gave them being. At the Indiana town of Jeffersonville, just across from Louisville, were launched perhaps half of the four thousand steamboats that have plied the inland rivers. Marietta sent its own ships, including one pirate craft, into the outer seas; oldest town in Ohio and settled by New England Revolutionary officers who knew the appeal of the elm tree, it is the sweetest of all river towns. Not far away is Blennerhasset Island, where Aaron Burr tarried, with tragic consequences. Maysville (formerly Limestone) was the main port of entry when Bluegrass was settled. At Buffington Island, John Morgan and his raiding Confederate band were run to cover.

Ripley, above Cincinnati, was a noted station of the underground railway, and there Eliza is supposed to have crossed the ice. The Kentucky hamlet of Big Bone, where a vast cache of mastodon bones was discovered in the ooze of a prehistoric salt lick, was once better known in Europe than any other town in the Old West; though DeQuincey said in one of his essays that he did not like its name, Kentucky is proud of it. Cave-in-Rock on the Illinois shore was the stronghold of a band of murderous thieves and river pirates whose exploits are in the older dime novels. The Indiana towns of Vevay and Madison were the birthplaces of the novelists Edward Eggleston and David Graham Phillips. In his "Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise" Phillips ushered the showboat into American letters.

The Ohio has made history because, alone among American major rivers, it flows west and south and therefore became the highway of the westward-trending pioneers; because, also, it had iron and coal at its headwaters and carried them to the cities of the interior. Time was, however, when its tributaries wrote more significant history than itself. The mound builders kept to the smaller rivers. On them at a later time lived the wildest and fiercest Indian nations of the continent. Save the Battle of Big Horn, the worst defeats which white men suffered at the hands of savages were on the Ohio's affluents: Braddock on the Monongahela near Fort Pitt; the Blue Lick debacle on Kentucky's Licking; the massacre of

St. Clair's army on the upper Wabash. In the Civil War the waters of two of the Ohio's Southern tributaries, the Cumberland and Tennessee, witnessed the battles of Mill Spring, Forts Henry and Donelson, Shiloh, Stone River, Chickamaugua, and Chattanooga. The parent river had no engagements to match them.

ITS own and more peaceful yet not less significant story was that of adventurous pioneering, new settlements, a flood of immigrants from the East, and then commerce by flatboat and steamboat. Down the Ohio with the onrush of pioneer settlement came distinguished travelers. Celoron de Bienville had been there before, claiming the territory for France by burying leaden plates at the mouths of the principal streams. Washington, who knew the Old West better than any other man of his time, was on the river a score of years later. His diaries, hastily written (he speaks of the "assent and dissent" of a mountain) show what an eye he had for big trees as tokens of fertile land, above all for the sycamores; always he spanned the biggest ones, some of them nearly fifty feet around. Not long after came the two Michauxs, father and son, naturalists both, the son a spy who forgot his mission whenever he found a strange tree or herb or flower. Audubon traveled the river and stuffed birds and painted portraits in the new towns on its banks.

There were British travelers of note, the ineffable Ashe, John Melish, Basil Hall, tart-tongued Frances Trollope, Harriet Martineau, Dickens, Captain Marryat. Maximilian, Prince of Wied, wrote a vivid account of his journey on the canal connecting river and lake. After a long gap there came in 1897 "Afloat on the Ohio" by Reuben Gold Thwaites, the narrative of a thousand miles of skiff travel. Literary silence thereafter until about a score of years ago, when river books reappeared.

The most useful of all was—and is—Zadok Cramer's "Navigator," issued in Pittsburgh in 1801, which went through at least a dozen annual editions and was pirated from as late as 1856. It described the shores, the old salt licks and the new towns, and apprised river men of the shoals, riffles, snags, and other perils to be shunned. With it as their guide, flatboats crowded with settlers and land speculators floated downstream, the boats to be knocked apart and put together again as cabins. Most of the immigrants came from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Maryland. Later families came overland from Virginia and Kentucky Bluegrass, and from North Carolina, where the Quakers could not abide human slavery. Among the newcomers were clergymen, lawyers, and other educated men, so that almost from the start the river towns had something like society.

When steamboats succeeded flatboats, the people of these towns went forth in search of a society more refined than their own. Between them and the Atlantic seaboard there were mountains to climb, evil paths through the woods. But a broad water highway led down to New Orleans, the Creole capital, with its Old World flavor, its refinements and graces, its wines and its women. Emerging from the cabins, the dwellings of slabs or creek stone, and the grim surroundings of the settlements, the people of the valley boarded steamboats which they called "palatial" because the chandeliers had tinkling glass pendants and there were what passed for oil paintings on the stateroom doors. That journey, and what they saw and enjoyed in New Orleans, gave them something to talk about for the rest of their lives.

So the Old West looked to the Deep South for its entertainment, and for schooling in the arts of living; and in New Orleans was the only market for its lumber, corn, whisky, pork, and peach brandy. For a time its sympathies and interests trended southward—this despite the slavery question. The last word in this sketch, therefore, belongs to the almost forgotten canals that in Ohio and Indiana ran northward from the river to the lake, whence the new Erie Canal provided an outlet to the seaboard. They turned the commerce and interests of the Old West toward the North and East. But for them, the Confederate States might have had sister recruits from the right bank of the big border river.

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Bluegrass and Laurel

The Varieties of Kentucky Fiction

GRANT C. KNIGHT

YOUR true Kentuckian is a conservative. Not a reactionary; he makes no clamor for a return to the thinking and living of the age of the fringed surrey. But he is not committed to the doctrine of progress, even though he adopts the word as a slogan. His agrarian occupations, his landscapes, his schooling and reading have given his mind the classical bent, so that he is of the opinion that things are pretty good as they are, that life is an occasion for pleasant living rather than exalted achievement. It is no accident that Kentucky's foremost statesman was called the Great Pacificator and is remembered for having said that he would rather be right than be President.

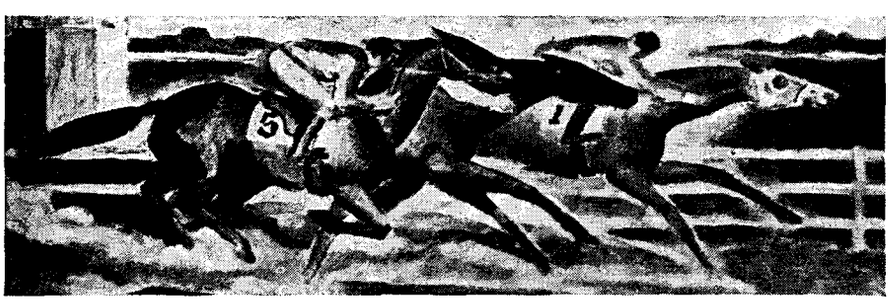
Because Kentucky writers share this conservatism they have contributed nothing new to the history of fiction. Two of them, John Fox, Jr., and Alice Hegan Rice, stand in Edward Weeks's list of most popular American authors since 1876; several of them will fill distinguished places in the roll of American novelists; and a flattering number win fellowships, prizes, and Book-of-the-Month awards. But none has emerged as a major figure in the sense of having founded a school or initiated a technique or deflected the current of narrative art. Even those who have an apparent originality can be seen to have responded to impulses from beyond the state. Thus, James Lane Allen epitomized the development of American fiction throughout his long life, moving from the romantic Hawthorne-allegory ("Flute and Violin") to the local color story ("A Kentucky Cardinal"), then to Hardy-like realism ("The Reign of Law"), thence to symbolism ("The Bride of the Mistletoe"), and at last approaching the new universalism in "The Landmark." Irvin S. Cobb, fated like Samuel Johnson to be remembered as person rather than artist, delineated a likable character in Judge Priest, but the judge, painted from a real individual, was nevertheless cousin to David Harum and Eben Holden and Ephraim Tutt. Ben Lucien Burman's compassionate tales of shantyboat folk are mortgaged to Mark Twain, and a copious library of stories, including the exotic Basque tales of Eleanor Mercein Kelly, belong to the pervasive literature of regionalism. Finally, Elizabeth Madox Roberts's "Jingling in the Wind" and "He Sent Forth a Raven," seemingly as original as anything a Kentucky writer has issued, were suckled on the tradition of English satire down to Aldous Huxley and on the tender contempt of Anatole France.

This statement of the lack of ultimate originality will not be counted too heavily against Kentucky writers nor should it be stretched to give it more elasticity than it has, for to beat with the pulse of a style or tendency is not to be wilfully imitative. James Still and Jesse Stuart, absorbing manner and material from the mountaineers among whom they have lived, could have written as they did without having been aware of Hamsun or Rolvaag or even of Miss Murfree and John Fox, Jr. In truth, the important consequence of Kentucky literary conservatism lies rather in the fact that a conservative is also a sentimentalist and a provincial and in the still more salient fact, to the socially minded, that Bluegrass storytellers have so far been reluctant to come to grips with the two most pressing problems of the state, those of labor and of the Negro.

Kentucky sentimentality takes its coloration from the prevalent family solidarity, the leisurely pursuit of happiness, the scenery, and from a passion for the locality which provokes awe from observers. No one demonstrated this fondness more sincerely than did James Lane Allen, who made the Bluegrass almost as well known to readers as Hardy's "Wessex." Overpraised by contemporaries, Allen has come to be judged by a generation that knew not Pharaoh, by critics who repeat the erroneous impression that he lost his popularity because of excessive sweetness, whereas the opposite is true; after 1900 he alienated his followers by a realism too grim for their prejudices. One frequent result of this affection for the Great Meadow has been the adoption by writers of the point of view of a child, a nostalgic device permitting the softening of contours; Allen used it several times, and so have Mrs. Rice, Fox, Miss Roberts, Still, and Stuart, while the Emmy Lou of George Madden Martin and the Little Colonel of Annie Fellows Johnston are juvenile indispensables. Most sensitively written of these novels is Barbara Anderson's "The Days Grow Cold."

So firm is this attachment to the hills and fields, to the central plateau and the western river of the commonwealth, that of Kentucky's chief writers only Allen and Miss Roberts could turn at times from the concrete to the abstract and examine the posy of personality apart from the soil at its roots. Most Kentucky writers have been engrossed with the past or present of people who could have been only Kentuckians, which is to say that the majority have been historical romancers or scops of the soil. The historical novel is sometimes that of costume and derring-do (as in Altsheler, Emanie Sachs, Clark McMeekin, Edith Mapother), sometimes the family chronicle (Allen Tate's "The Fathers," set in Virginia; Wallace Kelly's "Days Are as Grass"), and sometimes the nearly factual tale of the frontier or its succeeding settlement (Robert Penn Warren's "Night Riders"). Caroline Gordon, whose progress from the clotted style and story of "Penhally" to the fluency of "The Women on the Porch" has been worth watching, wrote the best of the loghouse sagas in "Green Centuries" (the setting is northern Tennessee), which has more persuasive data, more robustness than Elizabeth Roberts's "The Great Meadow." Because Kentuckians love their particular section of Pennyrile or Bluegrass, Mountains or Purchase even more ardently than they do the whole they have so far failed to give the state the epical treatment it deserves, lacked the creative vision shown in Hergesheimer's attempt, "The Limestone Tree."

Regional literature faces peculiar threats to esteem and longevity. It is bound to exhaust its material and thereafter its readers. Its primitivism



—From the mural by Frank W. Long

Horse Racing in the Bluegrass Country.

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is likely to suggest that we are being led backward instead of forward or that we are sitting in at a peepshow which caters to our snobbishness. And it is pretty sure to lapse into a preoccupation with the trivial. Kentucky regionalists, foreseeing these dangers, have sought to escape them: Allen by a timely infusion of Tennysonian idealism, Fox by clash between mountaineer and denizen of the Bluegrass, Lucy Furman by sunny quaintness; Miss Roberts is lulled by the coil of her rhythmic prose, Harlan Hatcher preaches fortitude, Still indites an idyl, Stuart enacts a humor which too often turns to pointless terbacker-spittin' farce.

Although Kentucky writers have looked with open eyes at the battle for food (see Edith Summers Kelley's "Weeds") only one native-born has tried to analyze the causes of poverty or propose a cure. Indeed, Mrs. Rice through Mrs. Wiggs recommended acquiesence to the poor, and Edwin Carlile Litsey went no further in "Stones for Bread" than to give the gravest study of the subnormal mind in American letters. Leane Zugsmith, as brilliant a writer as the state has produced, did use an episode in the history of Kentucky labor for part of "The Summer Soldier," but all Kentuckians should regret that Olive Dargan, whose "Call Home the Heart" is the noblest of our proletarian novels, left her home years ago to live in and write of a neighboring state. And with the exception of Miss Roberts's "My Heart and My Flesh" no Kentucky novel has ventured boldly upon the tragedy of miscegenation or pictured the Negro as other than half melancholy, half jolly, altogether faithful Black Joe.

The music of Kentucky humanity is often still and sad, but it is also often inscribed in a major key, and herein Jesse Stuart composes more faithfully than Miss Roberts, in that he does feel the gusto, the dignity of his forlorn characters as well as their loneliness and defeat. Miss Roberts, with higher excitability and far deeper reaches of insight, recognized too the dignity of her poor folk but she led them through the Valley of the Shadow before they reached the light, and it is one of her heroines who sums up modern despair by crying out "Oh, God, I believe, and there's nothing to believe." To associate her novels with symphonies is to make a fair analogy; the tonality of her prose, the development of her themes, the transition from adagio to finale, make the comparison irresistible. Indeed, she played records of Beethoven's Sixth while writing "A Buried Treasure" (which she intended to be an exercise in shifting points of view) and the Ninth while penning "My Heart and My Flesh." She did not realize that the antiphonies of her dialogue became to some readers a tiring mannerism.

—*Victor Kraft*

Jesse Stuart

—*Wallace Kelly*

Elizabeth Madox Roberts

Irvin S. Cobb

Several of her novels will wither on the vine. "A Buried Treasure" and "Black Is My True Love's Hair" are slight; "Jingling in the Wind" has neither the rage nor scope of great satire. Into "The Time of Man" and "My Heart and My Flesh" she poured liberally from the cornucopia of her gifts and experience; of the famous first of these one need only repeat Ford Madox Ford's pronouncement that it is the most beautiful novel to come out of America. However, "He Sent Forth a Raven" reveals more of Elizabeth Roberts than does any other of her novels, more of her exquisite sense of reality, her bewilderment with things as they are, her lyric anger, her slight vein of madness, her faith in man's redemption. It was never popular. When Clifton Fadiman confessed that in all candor he did not know what this book was about he was speaking for a public puzzled by its obscurities.

Miss Roberts wavered between love and scorn for mankind, and in this novel wrote out her feelings, despising and pitying with earnestness and with a prescience finally and endlessly religious. She inspected man who kills, who aspires to perfection, who prides himself upon what is ignorance, who moves in mob hysteria and mob sloth, who longs to live painlessly but will not cease to torment his fellows—what can be said for him and his future? "What's mankind," rails Dickon, "but one atomic stench in this multiplied system?" Miss Roberts did not close in this Twain-like despondency. Instead out of the flood (World War I), Noah (Stoner Drake) sent forth a raven (Jocelle) to go to and fro over the void (post-war society). Later, as in our Scriptures, will come, Miss Roberts prophesied, "somewhere or somehow" the Redeemer.

Because its structure is partially concealed in a metaphysical fog, because its façade is without the firm edge of propaganda, because its heroine is shopworn, "He Sent Forth a Raven" falls short of the best art. But it represents the Elizabeth Roberts who was uncertain and bemused, who knew what it means to be hungry but was more familiar with Berkeley than with Marx, who had the classic craving for the triumph of reason but could offer nothing better than a promise that somehow, sometime, unseeing humanity would stumble into radiance. Within her was a conflict between inbred conservatism and acquired radicalism, a conflict ending in allusion and rapture. The pen with which she wrote was a true Kentucky pen. And it was the best one that has so far traced characters in this state.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 562)

O. SITWELL:

LEFT HAND, RIGHT HAND

Artistic creation, like any other, . . . is born of energy, is connected with the body and the backbone and the blood, being in no way merely cerebral. Thus it is important for the creator to have sources of energy that have not been tapped.

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Johnny Appleseed and the Lost Dauphin

LOUIS BROMFIELD

MY earliest memories of Johnny Appleseed are of listening to my Great Aunt Mattie talk of him beneath the big catalpa tree on my grandfather's farm. Aunt Mattie was blind from the age of thirty and when I first remember her she was over eighty, a sprightly, very bright old lady with a crinkly mouth that was always curling up in a good-humored, faintly mocking smile. She was a witty and at times a malicious old lady, and like so many blind people since the time of Homer, a great storyteller. I think that the stories were a kind of compensation for the darkness in which she spent more than half a century of her life. Now, nearly forty years after her death, I realize that you could not always take all her stories as gospel truth, but I also know that she was in her way a minor artist. If there were facts missing from one of her stories of frontier life, she supplied them out of her own imagination; if some fact did not suit one of her tales she modified and altered it to fit the artistic frame.

Aunt Mattie said she had known Johnny Appleseed. I do not know whether this was true or not. She was born in 1826 and by a curious combination of circumstances her presence and her stories brought me as a small boy very near to the eighteenth century for she was the child of my great-grandfather who had visited Voltaire at Ferney. She was born when he was seventy-two years old. But there were other elements which brought her very close to the strange little man who has become a legend and a kind of saint in our Middlewestern country. She loved the woods and the streams and the wild birds and animals as Johnny Appleseed had done, and my grandmother told me that when Aunt Mattie was a small child she had caused much anxiety through her trick of running off to spend whole days wandering through the swamps and forests of the half-conquered Ohio frontier country. In those days there were still occasional bears or wandering Indians about but no amount of blood-curdling tales ever succeeded in instilling fears in Aunt Mattie as to what might happen to her. My grandmother said that, like Johnny, Aunt Mattie never seemed to have had any fear of Indians or wild animals.

Even as a blind old woman she kept that love of the streams and forest and wild things. She had a remarkable talent for finding her way about the farm. Of course, she had been born there and until she lost her sight she knew it well and so even in all the fifty or more years of her blindness she must have known always exactly how it looked. But sometimes on long excursions she did not go off by herself, feeling with her small feet the roads and paths or guiding herself by the sound of the rustling leaves of the familiar landmark trees. Sometimes when she felt adventurous and wanted to make a long excursion down through the bottom pastures where the creek ran on into the thicket, she would ask one of the children to act as her guide. She would select a spot beneath a tree on the edge of the creek which she had remembered and then tell us to come back for her two or three hours later. She did not like us playing about. She wanted to be left alone and at times, even as a child, you had the feeling that she had come there for a rendezvous and did not wish to be disturbed or spied upon. She would spend a whole afternoon listening to the sounds of fish jumping or birds singing or cattle lowing.

Since she knew that whole small world through touch and sound alone she undoubtedly understood it in a way none of the rest of us could ever do. She heard and interpreted sounds, small sounds—the symphony made by frogs and crickets and birds and cattle which we never heard at all. Sometimes you would come upon her sitting quietly beneath a tree beside the clear little stream, her head tilted a little in an attitude of listening. Like as not, the cattle would be lying all around close up to her, munching blue grass and fighting flies.

—*From "America Sings."*
Johnny Appleseed

The spirit of Johnny Appleseed haunted that same valley. Once, long ago, he had roamed all the region, sleeping in the big sandstone caves or in Indian huts or settlers' cabins. He was welcome wherever he stopped among the Indians, the white settlers, or the wild animals themselves.

With each year the figure of Johnny Appleseed grows a little more legendary; each year new stories and legends attach themselves to what has become in our country an almost mystical figure. A few facts are stated but few are *known*. It is said that Johnny's real name was John Chapman. Some say that he was born in New England, others that he was born at Fort Duquesne, later to be called Pittsburgh. It is pretty well accepted that he was a Swedenborgian by faith. It is also related that he died at last somewhere near the borders of Ohio and Indiana.

THE truth is, of course, that Johnny Appleseed has attained that legendary status where facts are no longer of importance. He has become a kind of frontier saint about whom have collected volumes of folk-lore and legends. In the natural process of things, it is the stories and legends and not the facts which have become important. I think Aunt Mattie understood this change of values which through all history gradually has translated heroes into gods and hermits into saints.

She told us children that she remembered him well as an old man when he came to spend nights at her father's big farm. He was a small man, with a shriveled, weather-beaten face, framed by long ragged grey hair. His eyes were a very bright blue, surrounded by fine little lines which came of living always in the open. He went barefoot winter and summer and for clothing wore strange garments fashioned out of a kind of sackcloth or of leather or skins given him by the Indians. His only baggage was a metal cooking pot with a handle, which did not encumber his movements since he wore it as a hat with the handle at the back, and a "poke" swung over his shoulder in which he carried seeds and plants.

He would arrive in the evening and have supper with the family, although later on as he grew older he would not eat in the house but on the doorstep

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or in the woodshed. Sometimes in the evening he would preach a kind of sermon upon love of mankind and all nature. As he grew older the Swedenborgian doctrines changed imperceptibly into a kind of pagan faith which ascribed spirits to trees and sticks and stones and regarded the animals and the birds as his friends. But the sermons had the curse of the conventional doctrinal harangue; they were interspersed with wonderful, enchanting stories about the wild things so that for the children, the opossum, the raccoon, the bear, the blue-jay all came to have distinct personalities and a sense of reality which most people never understand. Aunt Mattie said that, like Saint Francis, he had a habit of talking aloud to the birds as he tramped barefooted through the woods. None of the children ever resented or avoided his "sermons." It is probable that Johnny's visits took the place in that frontier country of theater and talking-pictures and comic strips, all rolled into one.

HE never accepted the hospitality of a bed but chose instead to sleep in the great hay mows above the fat cattle and horses. Usually when the settler went to the barn in the morning Johnny had already vanished with his kettle on his head and his "poke" of apple and fennel seed thrown over his shoulder. I think every Indian, every settler, every trader in all that Ohio country must have known him well, much as my great-grandfather knew him.

A good many of the white men and their families humored him and were fond of him but looked upon him as half mad. Some of them owed their lives and the lives of their families to Johnny Appleseed. The Indians regarded him with awe and veneration for, in the way of primitive peoples, they looked upon his particular kind of "insanity" as God-given, an "insanity" which linked him to the trees, the rocks, the wild animals which were so much a part of the Redskins' daily and hourly existence. Because of this generation the Indians never harmed him and left him free to go and come as he liked, nor did they conceal their plans from him. More than once during the early days of the frontier Johnny slipped away with his kettle and "poke" out of an Indian encampment to journey miles through forest and marsh to warn some lonely family to leave their cabin for the safety of the nearest village or block house until the raids were over. If the Indians knew he had used his friendship to betray their plans, they appeared to have borne him no ill-will for he lived at peace among them, preaching brotherhood and good-will until there were no longer any Indians left in all the region and Johnny died one night, an old man, in a hedgerow in Indiana.

My great Aunt Mattie used to tell about Johnny's friendship with the King of France and, although I do not remember that she ever claimed to have seen the King, she certainly intimated that she had a speaking acquaintance with him. She meant, of course, the Lost Dauphin, that curious and mysterious character who, as a young man, spent much time in our Ohio country. To the Whites he was known as Eleazar Williams and to the French traders and the Redskins he was known simply as Lazare. For many years he lived among the Indians and the French half-breeds, wandering down into our valleys where, undoubtedly, he met and knew Johnny. My Great Aunt also said that, when the King Louis Philippe, then the Duc de Chartres, came into the Ohio country to investigate the claims and legend of the Lost Dauphin, he saw Johnny Appleseed and questioned him concerning his friend Eleazar Williams or Lazare. That, too, is not only possible but probable for the Duc de Chartres, later King Louis Philippe, did come to Ohio accompanied by a commission to determine whether or not Eleazar Williams was really the son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette who had been spirited out of the Temple and off to America.

More than a hundred years later when I wrote of Johnny Appleseed and his friendship with the Lost Dauphin in a book called "The Farm," and the book was translated into French, the ancient controversy was reopened again in France and learned articles on the subject appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes, L'Illustration,* and other French periodicals, and the name and legend of Johnny Appleseed became known to countless Frenchmen of another time and world.

THE whole tale of the Lost Dauphin is one of the fascinating stories of history and I think no one, even today, could say with any certainty that the Eleazar Williams who frequented our frontier country was or was not the son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. His past, like that of Johnny Appleseed, has joined the legends and folk-lore of the Middlewestern country. It is known that there arrived in Maine mysteriously at the end of the eighteenth century a boy of ten or eleven years of age with a box of clothing. He spoke only French and appeared to be dim-witted or to have been frightened out of his wits by some terrifying experience. His only memories were those of mirrors and mobs and torches. A New England preacher named Williams took him in, it is not clear whether by adoption or as a kind of bound-boy. As he grew older the boy's wits never seemed quite normal and presently he slipped away to live on the frontier among Indians and French trappers. My Great Aunt Mattie said he never spoke English very well and that he was blond and big and heavy with a big nose and a small chin. I doubt that Aunt Mattie knew what were the physical traits of the Bourbons but she described perfectly, in her account of Lazare, the Lost Dauphin. It is likely that she never saw him or was too young to remember him and that the description was passed on to her by her father

—From "Contemporary American Prints."

Thrashing Dinner

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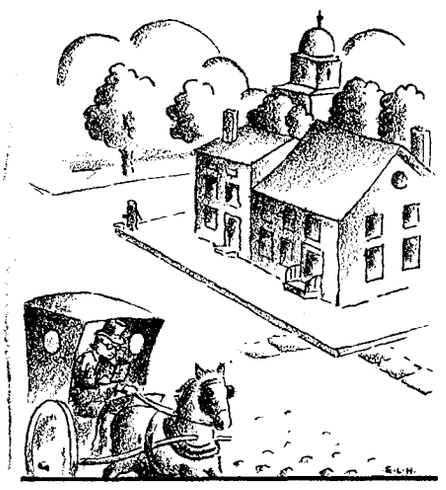
who had visited at Ferney the old man who did more than any other man to bring about the French Revolution. The Duc de Chartres, sent by the Dauphin's sister (the dull, half-tragic Duchess d'Angoûlème), to the wilderness of Ohio to investigate the stories, repudiated the Lost Dauphin, Lazare, but that was inevitable because the Dauphin stood between the Duke and the throne of France.

I like to think of crazy Johnny Appleseed and the Lost Dauphin, with his dull wits, wandering our country, protected and respected by Indians because they were both "naturals" and thus so close to the beasts and trees.

After I had written of Johnny and the Dauphin in "The Farm," I had two letters, both from very old ladies, one in Illinois and one in Minnesota. The old lady from Illinois wrote that at one time there was in the State Capitol of Illinois an unmistakable portrait of Louis XVI which had been brought from France by a deputation of men who believed that Lazare was the son of Louis and Marie Antoinette and sought to persuade him to return to France as a pretender. My correspondent claimed that as a young girl she had seen the portrait but did not know what had become of it. From Minnesota another old lady wrote that she had known the False Dauphin as an old man married to an Indian squaw. Her description of him was, like that of Great Aunt Mattie, unmistakably the description not only of a Bourbon but of a son of Louis XVI—that of a fat, soft, blond old man with a scanty beard, almost more feminine than masculine. I doubt that anyone will ever know whether Lazare was the true or the false Dauphin. I only know that in legend he has gone down as a friend of our Johnny Appleseed and that to Aunt Mattie he was the King of France.

THERE is some disagreement about how Johnny went about planting apple trees in the wild frontier country. Some say that he scattered the seeds as he went along the edges of marshes or natural clearings in the thick, almost tropical forests, others that he distributed the seeds among the settlers themselves to plant, and still others claim that in the damp land surrounding the marshes he established nurseries where he kept the seedlings until they were big enough to transplant. My Great Aunt Mattie said that her father, who lived in rather a grand way for a frontier settler, had boxes of apples brought each year from Maryland until his own trees began to bear and that he always saved the seeds, drying them on the shelf above the kitchen fireplace, to be put later into a box and kept for Johnny Appleseed.

Johnny scattered fennel seed all throughout Ohio country, for when the trees were first cleared—and the prairie sod plowed up—the mosquitoes increased and malaria spread from family to family. Johnny regarded a tea brewed of fennel leaves as a specific cure against what the settlers called "fever and ague" and he seeded it along trails and fencerows over all Ohio. Some people said that he carried flower seeds with him to distribute among the lonely women who lived in cabins in clearings in the vast forest, and that today the great red day lilies which grow along the roadsides or on the sites of old cabins, long dis-



appeared, were spread by Johnny. They say also that Johnny sometimes carried in his "poke" as gifts tiny seedlings or Norway spruce which he gave to frontier wives to plant before their cabins. Both stories may be true for in our part of Ohio there is nearly always a pair of Norway spruce well over a hundred years old in the dooryard of every old house, and the red day lilies have gone wild in fields, on roadsides, and along hedgerows.

In the next county there is an ancient apple tree which, it is claimed, was one of those planted by Johnny. I do not know whether this is true or not but I do know that in our pastures, on the edge of the woods and in the fencerows, there are apple trees which are the descendants of those planted by Johnny. They bear a wide variety of apples from those which are small and bitter to those, on one or two trees, which are small but of a delicious wild flavor which no apples borne on respectable commercial apple trees ever attained. Their blossoms have a special perfume, very sweet and spicy, which you can smell a long way off, long before you come upon the trees themselves. They have been scattered here and there long ago by squirrels and rabbits and muskrat and raccoon who fed on the fruit of the trees planted more than a century and a half ago on the edge of clearings out of Johnny Appleseed's poke.

And in our Valley, Johnny Appleseed is certainly not dead. He is there in the caves and the woodland, along the edge of the marshes and in hedgerows. When in early spring there drifts toward you the perfume of a wild apple tree, the spirit of Johnny rides the breeze. When in winter the snow beneath a wild apple tree is crisscrossed with the delicate prints of raccoon or muskrat or rabbit, you know that they have been there gathering apples from the trees that would never have existed but for crazy Johnny and his sauce-pan and "poke" of seeds. He is alive wherever the feathery fennel or the flowering day lilies cover a bank. He is there in the trees and the caves, the springs and the streams of our Ohio country, alive still in a legend which grows and grows. Sometimes when I am alone in the old pasture, the memory of blind Great Aunt Mattie returns to me. I can see her again, sitting by the edge of the clear flowing stream where the children left her, surrounded by cattle and the wild birds, her head a little tilted, listening. She has been dead for close to forty years and only lately have I begun to understand what it was she heard. It was the song of the earth and streams and forests of which Johnny Appleseed has become the patron saint of our country. It may be that while she sat there Johnny Appleseed was with her.

She had a verse which she used often to repeat to us children:

He prayeth best who loveth best
Both man and bird and beast
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

One summer afternoon when I was twelve years old we returned one late hot summer afternon to guide Aunt Mattie back to the farmhouse. As we approached the chosen spot the cattle were as usual lying in a circle about the place where we had left her. She was leaning against an ancient sycamore tree, her head thrown back a little, her eyes closed. My cousin and I thought she was asleep, but when we spoke to her she did not answer. It was my first sight of death and I felt no more terror than the cattle lying in the bluegrass in a protecting circle about her. It was all strangely a part of the Valley, of the whole cycle of existence, and the most natural thing in the world. I remember that when I got back to the farmhouse I had an impulse to say, "Aunt Mattie has gone to join her friend Johnny Appleseed." But I was only a small boy and then it seemed silly. I only said, "Something has happened to Aunt Mattie." She was eighty-five years old when she died.

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Sherwood Anderson—

The Non-Conforming Rediscoverer

ROBERT F. ALMY

—Scheel

Sherwood Anderson

WHETHER it is important to remember that Sherwood Anderson was born in the town of Camden, in southwestern Ohio, and that his formative years were spent chiefly in the town of Clyde, in northern Ohio, depends on the degree to which there were regional forces to shape his personality and the image of Ohio life in his works. And that is an issue not easy to define. It has been true, even in America, that the sphere of youthful experiences generally has the geographical dimensions properly designated as regional, and this horizon circumscribing the stage of youthful impressionability is as pertinent to Anderson as was the New England which Hawthorne could term "as large a piece of this earth as my heart can readily take in."

But it is also true that any segment of the sprawling Midwest, such as Ohio, lacks the definitive past which would give it a local culture of a special mark. I am writing here—and one must so write where literary values are in question—of something more than material conditions. There simply were not the bitterly-won occupancy, the dimension of a colonial past, the resolution of internal life against outer dangers to its autonomy which give the regions to the east and south their marked characteristics. Moreover Ohio was, in the beginning, a land over which emigrants streamed to areas farther west, a kind of thoroughfare, and as unlikely a stage as one could choose for the growth of a self-contained culture. Add to this the changes in its life, shared in common with other areas early and enthusiastically industrialized, and the permanent qualities implicit in the term "regional" are largely wanting.

For these reasons considerations of Ohio must constantly be merged with larger considerations of the Midwest and with considerations of our national culture. It is a fact of some importance that Midwesterners as a rule tend to think in terms of the country at large, of themselves as Americans, rather than as the special products of a local culture. Sherwood Anderson did not will, as did Thomas Hardy of Wessex, that his heart be buried in the region of his nativity.

This unconformity of Midwestern culture with the premises of a regional critique contributes much to the difficulties in which practitioners of that critique have found themselves. The consciousness of a double culture, the tug of local experience, and the sense of identity as American, can be the only realistic basis for the study of a Midwestern writer. The importance to the national culture of Lincoln, Mark Twain, and Sinclair Lewis, the comparative ease with which Midwesterners on growing up establish themselves elsewhere in the country, their ready acquiescence to the regional prepossessions of other areas, the tendency of self-criticism so active when Anderson began writing, the response of young Midwestern writers to Walt Whitman—all these speak of a rapport with local environment only too sketchily asserted, but they speak also of an acceptance of continent-wide citizenship which may be of some historic importance. With Howard Odum's definition of regionalism, published in the Deep South issue of this series, they would be in accord: "There is no concept of the region and, therefore, of American regionalism except in terms of the total nation and national culture, of which the different regions are component and constituent units."

So what of Sherwood Anderson and the Ohio Valley? He could say of himself: "I might drift here and there about America but at heart I would be, to the New Yorker, a man from beyond the mountains, an Ohio man to the end." Perhaps it was the leveller in him, the rough-hewn mannerisms, as in Lincoln or Mark Twain, the unblended play of humility and egotism which so identified him.

> To the end of my life I would talk with the half-slovenly drawl of the Middle-Westerner, would walk like such a Middle-Westerner, have the air of something between a laborer, a man of business, a gambler, a race horse owner, an actor. If I was . . . to spend the rest of my life trying to tell such tales as I could think and feel my way through, I would have to tell the tales of my own people.

In due course he told other tales also, but it is pretty generally agreed that the stories and autobiographical chapters of his Ohio boyhood contain the best of his achievement.

Yet one must not allow the force of local effects in Anderson's work to obscure other considerations. Anderson complained once—as what writer might not?—that the critics never seemed to have "got him right," and pending the appearance of a needed full-length study one can concede his point. But there is no lack of material for analysis, for no twentieth century writer in America exploited his own personality with so much candor. The flow of intimate personal revelation equals, if it does not exceed, his more objective writings. It might be safe to conclude, therefore, that his chief value for future readers will depend largely on his projection, his creation, of himself. The Ohio scene in his works might then be held in true perspective, for the men and women with whom he peopled it have an intimate connection with his personal, family, and village life, and their actions are presented with a minimum of professional strategy.

THE image he projected of himself bears some resemblance to that of Whitman. It is more diffused, dogged rather than confident; the role, "storyteller" rather than poet. But the likeness, and the influence, are unmistakable. There is a similar affinity expressed for ordinary folk, a similar good-natured showmanship, a similar program to liberate men from the restraints of convention, a common effort to achieve a medium of expression that was both loose and plain. ("I have even sometimes thought that the novel form does not fit an American writer, that it is a form which had been brought in. What is wanted is a new looseness, and in 'Winesburg' I had made my own form.")

There is the claim of his representativeness as an American: "Like all real American men of our day I wander contantly from place to place striving to put down roots into the American soil and not quite doing it. If you say

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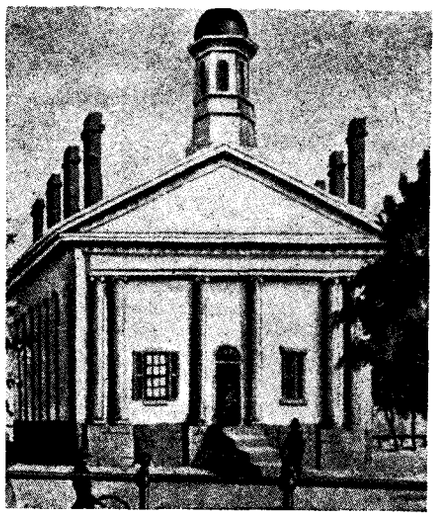
the real American is not yet born, you lie. I am the type of the fellow." There is more, much more, to the account of Anderson's resemblance to Whitman, but in a regional study the sense of rootlessness here voiced as an American characteristic is less in the Whitman vein and needs some explanation in terms of the two major literary chapters of Anderson's writing career —the earlier period of pseudo-cosmopolitanism and self-assertion centering in Chicago and the later period of regional discovery when his private life had settled into some tranquillity in Virginia.

NO one who reads the autobiographical works—"A Story Teller's Story"; "Tar—A Midwest Childhood," "Sherwood Anderson's Notebook"—can miss the bitterness and self-pity in Anderson's account of his family. The irresponsible father who failed to provide a stable home, the untimely death of the mother, the subsequent dispersal of the children are themes repeated again and again. The factual account of his life, one which corrects the fanciful distortions and omissions of Anderson's own story, has been well assembled by W. A. Sutton in an unpublished doctoral dissertation at the Ohio State University, "Sherwood Anderson's Formative Years (1876-1913)." It is a study which should be published, clearly demonstrating as it does that the impression of abject poverty left by Anderson has been exaggerated. Nevertheless, the reasons for Anderson's loneliness and rootlessness are obvious. They go far to explain that sense of unintegrated life in "Winesburg," "the measureless distances that lay between the characters themselves," as Alfred Kazin has so well put it.

If Anderson's work bears the stamp of his childhood life, so too does it have the intellectual mark of Chicago literary life from 1913 to the early twenties. The history of this period is well-known. The effort toward sectional self-assertion, the "revolt from the village," the straining toward cosmopolitanism through a reading of Gertrude Stein, D. H. Lawrence, Sigmund Freud, and James Joyce—all these are familiar enough and they helped to shape "Winesburg." Anderson was saying early in this period: "There can't any poet come out here and sit on the shaky rail of our ugly bridges and sing us into paradise."

In short it was a stirring moment favorable to the experimentation which a lonely, tortured spirit like Anderson's needed for self-expression, but the interval was short-lived, its value to the Midwest a mixed one, for most of its chief figures—Ben Hecht, Floyd Dell, Margaret Anderson, Sherwood Anderson—decamped presently for New York or Paris leaving the Midwest to such



—From the mural by Clarence H. Carter
Early Ravenna

satisfaction as it could derive from their portrayal of it.

For Anderson the period came to an end about 1926. Far behind him was the Elyria "crisis" which Sutton has shown to be much in the nature of a nervous breakdown resulting in temporary amnesia, behind him was the failure of three marriages and a literary treatment of marriage which had become as stereotyped as it was absurd, well deserving the parody which Hemingway made of it in "The Torrents of Spring." About 1926 a happier marriage and the financial success of "Dark Laughter" served as a sedative in this restless career.

Perhaps the subsequent chapter should occupy a minor place in a regional study of the South, for Anderson's preference for the South, the success with which he assumed the modest role of editor of two weekly papers in Marion, Virginia, and his interest in the plight of Southern industrialism reflected in the novels "Beyond Desire" and "Kit Brandon" deserve separate treatment.

What is relevant to this essay is the manner in which Anderson participated in the rediscovery of the American scene, in the acceptance of the home environment as the inevitable locus of a civilization. The author who closed "Winesburg" with George Willard's departure from the village was also the author of "Hello Towns," "Puzzled America," and "Home Town," the elder monitor urging on young men the value of "staying put," of "being little."

"Somewhere within me [wrote Anderson in his final "Memoirs"] there must be a true man." The observation is characteristic, and one might discern in it the motivation of his career. To find himself, to see himself in relation to his fellow men, to describe the ugly effects of power and commercialism—these efforts do give design to a life which at times seemed to him to have so little. It may be he will be remembered as a minor figure; some of the critics have so measured him. But he felt that American democracy had somehow to do with people who are considered minor figures. Or, if it did not, with whom did it have to do? Maybe he first learned to ask that question as a boy in an Ohio village in the nineties. We in Ohio would like to think so—but any other place in America would have served him as well.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SECOND LINES OF FAMOUS POEMS

Listed below are the second lines of twenty famous poems by as many well-known poets. Can you identify each poem and its author? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. You'll find the answers on page 25.

1. And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by.
2. And he stoppeth one of three.
3. And his cohorts were gleaming with purple and gold.
4. Bird thou never wert.
5. By the Nine Gods he swore.
6. Dig the grave and let me lie.
7. I gallop'd, Dirck gallop'd, we gallop'd all three.
8. I never hope to see one.
9. Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
10. Old Kaspar's work was done.
11. Old Time is still a-flying.
12. One end is moo, the other milk.
13. Tell her that she wastes her time and me.
14. The kid that handles the music box was hitting a jag-time tune.
15. The leaves they were crisped and sere.
16. The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea.
17. The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas.
18. The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold.
19. The score stood two to four with but one inning left to play.
20. The ship has weather'd every wrack, the prize we sought is won.

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The Buckeye Reader

A Report on the Literary Constituents

TED ROBINSON

IF the title of this paper promises more than its contents can possibly perform, we shall have to fall back on the old tag, *ex uno disce omnes*—but with the guilty knowledge that Ohio is no such homogeneous entity as that maxim implies. To believe that from the reading habits of Cleveland we can deduce the reading habits of Cincinnati—or indeed of the long list of varied communities from Akron, Bucyrus, and Canton right down to Xenia, Youngstown, and Zanesville—is to generalize unjustifiably.

I can, however, speak with some degree of assurance of the northeastern corner of Ohio; for the Sunday paper in which I have for many years conducted a book department circulates widely in the great section which coincides roughly with the Western Reserve, and which includes at least fifteen counties. Half of the urban population of Ohio is in this corner of ours and, for all I know, half the rural population too.

I do not deduce that two or three million people read the Sunday *Cleveland Plain Dealer,* nor that this entire population turns eagerly each Sunday to the Book Section. But I can conclude that the circulation figures and the range of territory covered make our reader-response a fairly accurate guide-post to the book habits and tastes of the state.

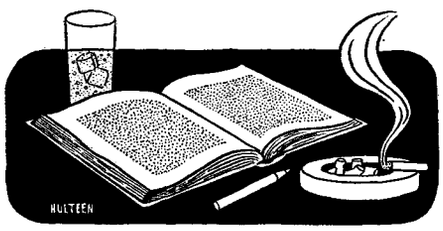
From many letters and telephone calls, it is easy to note what books are interesting readers of book reviews at any given time. From the weekly reports of all the Cleveland bookshops, I can see what people are reading, both in fiction and in general literature. And from the Cleveland Public Library, conveniently located within a hundred yards of my office, I can easily ascertain what books people are borrowing.

A lady in Boston, learning that one of my activities was the conducting of a Sunday book page in a Cleveland paper, said:

"That is very interesting. What sort of books appeal most to people in the Middle West?"

I had a great deal of difficulty in framing any sort of reply, for the question seemed to me to betray two misunderstandings. First, there was the strange notion, common to large numbers of New Englanders, that the Middle West begins at the western boundary line of New York. And second, there was the typical Bostonian feeling that, when the inhabitants of the hinterland read at all, they read something entirely different from the article demanded by the enlightened population of the Atlantic seaboard.

Ohio, easternmost of the Central States, is not considered by Iowa to belong to the Middle West at all. It is called "Back East" by the dwellers in Kansas and Nebraska. And we Clevelanders, living as we do at a point geographically east of portions of Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, most of Georgia and half of Florida, cannot



seem to get the feeling of Middlewesternism. Not that we shrink from the classification; we are proud to be lumped with Minnesota and Wisconsin and Illinois—but there are the facts on the map. And being natives of the Western Reserve of Connecticut makes us react Yankeeishly, I suppose.

Anyhow, we have no peculiar and regional reading habits. We read what the rest of the country reads—only more of it.

That Ohio people, as represented by Cleveland people, are avid readers of books was brought to my attention a number of years ago when the information was printed that Cleveland, which stood sixth in population among the cities of the United States, was first in the number of books drawn annually from the Public Library. That record has been altered with the years, and Chicago and New York have outstripped us. But we are a book-reading people, here in the Western Reserve. (We are a book-buying people, too; it has been demonstrated that the hasty deduction is a fallacy which claimed that the more books people borrowed the fewer they bought. And even the ones that are borrowed must first be bought by the lenders.)

Last year, people drew from the Library and took home with them 5,586,819 books. That is an average of more than five books apiece for every man, woman, and infant in our metropolitan area. Compare that with the New York figure of 7,758,000 for the same period, and you will see how many more books we draw per capita.

Fiction, of course, is far in the lead. I have always smiled at the booksellers' habit of calling general literature by the negative title of "non-fiction"—but since I have seen the statistics, I smile no more. Of the total mentioned in the preceding paragraph, 1,383,591 volumes were adult fiction, and 881,801 were juvenile fiction!

All the same, an examination of the record of non-fiction yields some remarkable results. Next to fiction, what would you imagine to be the most popular literature? History, biography, travel, science, technology? Nothing of the sort. The largest number of non-fiction books drawn from the Cleveland Public Library during the year 1943 were works on sociology. The number was 258,967.

This record demanded analysis. An investigation proved that under the head of sociology were included books on espionage, race relations, juvenile delinquency, and (this is mysterious to me) letter writing. Also labor relations and legislation. And for the moment, the most popular book in this department was "Under Cover."

But you never can tell. I noted at the end of April a sudden big boom in the local bookshops for "The Loom of Language," by Bodmer. Why did everybody get a sudden interest in linguistics? Simultaneously, by the way, came the big sale of "Brothers Under the Skin" and "New World A-Coming." Of course, the Negro problem has become intensified during war time. So have other race problems. The library reports that the re-located Japanese among us are drawing many books about civil liberties and race discrimination. "Strange Fruit" was our Best Seller at that same period.

THE bookshops reported to me (and to *The New York Times Book Review*) on May 7 that "Men of Maryknoll," by Keller & Berger, was number five on the list of non-fiction best sellers. The book did not appear at all on the lists of any other city. But there is no mystery there. At the time of publication, Father Keller appeared before audiences in Cleveland; his publicity people did an excellent job; his own personal magnetism and the interest of his subject influenced a large number of readers, and the simultaneous complimentary reviews of the book in the local newspapers did the rest.

It is not a good time, by the way, to make generalizations from statistics. War upsets the figures. The circulation of books has decreased since

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the beginning of the war. Large sections of the population have gone to the front, or are too busy at home to do much reading. Perhaps the condition in our public schools may be taken as an indication of what is happening among adults also; in the school libraries, there is an increase in nonfiction, and an increase per pupil; but there is a total decrease, because the enrollment has fallen off.

There is an increased interest in music and the arts, in books about South America, in atlases and cyclopedias. People want to read about the Allies, and especially about the Chinese. People are not yet reading about post-war conditions to any great extent—there is an increase in such reading, but not a very large one—except among schoolchildren whose teachers have stimulated such an interest.

On the whole, the tendency is toward serious reading.

We have a phenomenon in Cleveland which is peculiar to the urban center. A total of 95,501 books in foreign languages was withdrawn from the Public Library during the year recorded. I have found it impossible to get any figures from the foreign-language bookshops, but the library statistics are revealing. Twenty-nine modern foreign languages are represented in that number, with Hungarian and Bohemian leading, and German, Polish, Spanish, and Yiddish coming next, in that order. Spanish and Portuguese have had a sharp increase lately. Chinese, Bulgarian, Danish, and Latvian are at the bottom of the list, in the order given.

We have a unique institution in our city—the Intercultural Library, which occupies a building of its own and is a special pet of Librarian Clarence Metcalf.

In Ohio, we read a tremendous lot of history, biography, books about literature, books about science, books about the useful arts. This last category runs neck-and-neck with sociology.

We are reading up on handicrafts more than ever before. We have developed an increased interest in house planning, furnishing, and home gardening. We are reading more collections of short stories than formerly—that's because people want books to read on street cars and buses on their way to and from the defense plants.

And in spite of the fact that the trend is away from entertainment and toward fact, the demand for mystery stories and love stories and Best Sellers is still hard to supply—and the demand for books that will make us laugh is growing at a tremendous rate. We hunger for humor.

And here is something to think about—we are reading more poetry, here in Ohio, than we ever read before.

Connecticut Goes West

They Carried New England on Their Backs

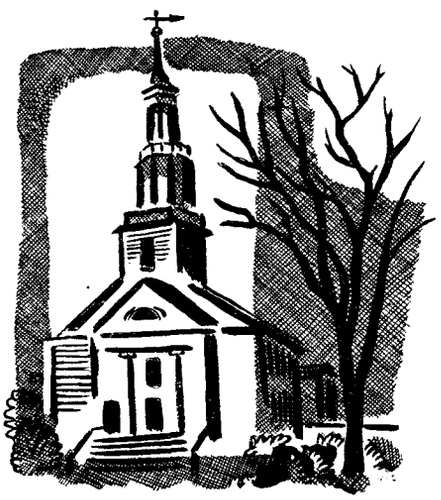
HARLAN HATCHER

IF you should travel across Ohio from Chillicothe on the Scioto to Painesville on Lake Erie, you would feel that you had been transported from Virginia into Connecticut. You would leave the Jeffersonian Greco-Roman brick houses with two-story Southern porches along the back wing; you would enter a region distinguished by its village greens with graceful white church belfries lifted above the trees, with a matching town hall near by, and green-shuttered white colonial houses spaced neatly around the square. Along the lake itself you would come upon villages whose white houses on the shore and sailing craft in the harbors would remind you of some of the villages on Long Island Sound. They have names that would reinforce your feeling: New Haven, New London, Norwalk, Ridgefield, Greenwich, Danbury. They might have been transplanted without alteration from New England.

In a sense they were.

Connecticut's charter, granted to her in 1662 by Charles II, grandiosely—and imaginatively—extended the border of the state to the Western Sea, or to the South Sea. The sea turned out to be the Mississippi River. When the Northwest Territory was being formed, Connecticut in 1786 relinquished her claims to the back country except for about three million acres in Ohio which she reserved. This Reserve extended for 120 miles along the Lake Erie shore.

The people of Connecticut suffered heavily in the Revolutionary War. Nearly two thousand of them had their property burned or destroyed by the British. Connecticut gave these people 500,000 acres of land along Lake Erie in the western end of the Reserve. They called the tract "The Sufferers' Lands." We in Ohio call it the Firelands. The beautiful Wine Islands of Lake Erie were included in the grant.



Here in Ohio, therefore, Connecticut had a rich lake shore territory for her post-war expansion. Although the lake itself was a ready-made highway for the colonists, it was not so convenient as the Ohio River to the south. There were no gales or high seas on the river, and the three-mile-an-hour current floated immigrants to their destination with a minimum of effort. Lake Erie, on the other hand, was wild, treacherous, and temperamental. There was no friendly current to carry a man and his family and his goods on a flatboat to the West. They had to go on foot or horseback along the shore, or fight their way forward against wind and rain in open boats, or traverse the ice in winter on sleighs. The region behind the shoreline was thick, stubborn wilderness.

The first Connecticut settlers in the Reserve, therefore, faced hardships as great as any that confronted their forefathers on the seaboard. The prospect did not daunt them, though the first white child born in the Reserve died of starvation.

They were relatively late in coming. Moses Cleaveland led the first party of fifty, including two women, with thirteen horses and some cattle, to the Reserve in 1796. In that same year, by contrast, 20,000 settlers in a thousand boats went down the Ohio River from Pittsburgh. General Cleaveland, that short, energetic, somber Yale man ('77), soldier, and Connecticut lawyer, who was often mistaken for a New England divine, brought most of his party from Schenectady up the Mohawk, down to Oswego, up Lake Ontario and around Niagara to Buffalo Creek, and then west around the Lake Erie Shore to Conneaut Creek just inside the Reserve. It was July 4, and they fired salutes to Independence. They made speeches in the form of toasts, and then, as Cleaveland recorded in his diary, "drank several pails of grog, supped, and retired in remarkable good order." Next day they built a log cabin which they christened "Stowe's Castle" in honor of the commissary of the party.

That was the beginning of the first settlement in the Western Reserve.

Moses Cleaveland then went on round

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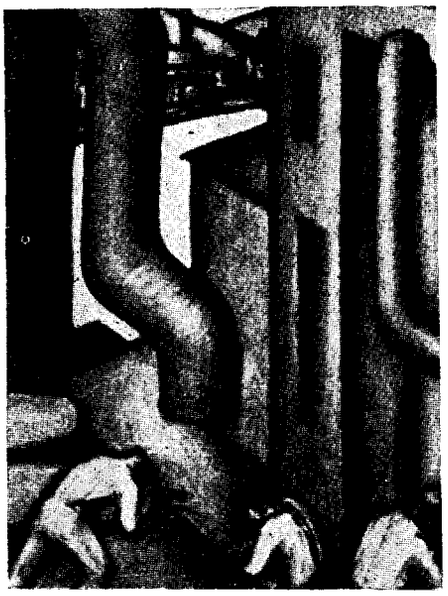
the shore in a small boat. At the mouth of the Ashtabula River, where twenty big lake freighters now dock simultaneously, two members of the party became so enamored of the prospect that they stayed there and founded the town of Ashtabula. Cleaveland continued his voyage to the mouth of the Cuyahoga River. There on the bluff overlooking the river and the harbor he built a storehouse and some cabins and laid the foundation for the great city of Cleveland.

A ridge and watershed run across Ohio, roughly paralleling the Reserve along its southern edge fifty to seventy-five miles from the lake. More than a score of rivers and large creeks run from this divide down to the shallow Lake Erie bowl. The first settlements were made at the mouths of these rivers. Sandbars lay across the harbors giving them a draft of only three or four feet at normal lake levels. One of the first public undertakings of these New Englanders in Ohio was the improvement of Fairport Harbor on the Grand River below Painesville in order that ships might come in to that port. Thousands of settlers for the Reserve landed here and worked their way inland. It became "one of the most beautiful villages of the West," according to the ubiquitous traveller Henry Howe, who also praised its public square, its public buildings, and private mansions. It was founded in 1805, and named for General Edward Paine of Connecticut.

THE Reserve filled up slowly but steadily, the settlers generally keeping to the lake shore, just as the pioneers to the south remained near the banks of the Ohio River. One by one their towns rose and took on a New England character. Mentor, where James A. Garfield used to live, was founded in 1799; Huron on the Huron River in 1805; Vermilion on the Vermilion River in 1808; Lorain on the Black River in 1810; Sandusky on the bay in 1816; Norwalk, Milan, and New London in the Firelands, with Huron and Vermilion as outlet ports, also in 1816.

Until the 1830's when the Ohio-Erie Canal was opened, the citizens of the Reserve were isolated from the rest of the state. Cincinnati was the proud Queen City of the West while Cleveland and the towns of the Reserve were still struggling in their wilderness. But they went right on struggling in their own independent way. They created their villages, cleared their farms, built their churches, and founded their schools. And they looked north toward the lake. Each lake village had its own shipyard and fishing fleet; each had its own representative schooner on Lake Erie.

After 1817 these lake ports of the Reserve were increasingly busy. Conneaut's *Salem Packet,* Ashtabula's *Zephyr,* Painesville's *Widow's Son,* Lorain's *Dread,* Huron's *Huron,* Vermilion's *Ranger,* Sandusky's *Wolf,*— all these little schooners spread their white sails on Lake Erie and carried passengers, pork, butter, whiskey, and salt from one port to another or down to Buffalo and the markets of the East. Boats to take Harrison's troops up to Detroit were built at Painesville. Lumber for the pioneer fur schooner *John Jacob Astor* was cut and fashioned at Lorain and shipped up to Lake Superior. Stone for the Soo Canal



—From the frieze by John F. Holmer
Industry in Ohio

was quarried at Marblehead and on Kelleys Island and shipped in schooners up to the St. Mary's River. Immigrants by the thousands sailed west from Buffalo to open up the Reserve, to build canals, to form shipping companies, mercantile houses, and manufactures. The optimistic Moses Cleaveland proudly announced that he had laid out a town on the bank of Lake Erie "which was called by my name, and I believe the child is now born that may live to see that place as large as Old Windham."

His city and the Western Reserve have had a profound effect upon the growth and cultural pattern of the state. Cleveland soon even outgrew Old Windham. It now dominates northern Ohio. The entire Western Reserve is geared to it, just as all southwestern Ohio is geared to Cincinnati. The sections go their separate ways. Virginians set the pattern of life in the south; New Englanders stamped their character on the Reserve. They founded the New England style colleges of Oberlin and Western Reserve and Hiram and the Lake Erie Female Seminary, and Yale men came out to join their faculties. They provided school teachers for the West. Spencer taught penmanship to the nation; Harvey taught it grammar. Garfield and McKinley went from the Reserve to the White House; John Brown left sheep-raising in the Reserve to go to Kansas and on to Harper's Ferry, and two of his sons found peace and retirement on the Bass Islands in the Firelands; Edison was born in Milan—the list of great men is endless.

IT is a distinctive region. The rubber city of Akron, the polyglot city of Cleveland, the Germans of Sandusky, the Finns and Swedes of the port towns have not greatly altered its fundamental character or dimmed its tradition. B. A. Hinsdale was at least not far wrong when he wrote that "no other five thousand square miles of territory in the United States, lying in a body outside of New England ever had, to begin with, so pure a New England population. . . . No similar territory west of the Allegheny Mountains has so impressed the brain and conscience of the country."

It is, however, almost untouched in literature. William Dean Howells learned to write on his father's Ashtabula *Sentinel* but none of his novels deals directly with the Reserve. Anderson found Winesburg on the edge of the Reserve. Kemp tramped elsewhere. Bromfield has worked south of the border. Boyd touched upon a few of its episodes. Crane preferred Brooklyn Bridge. Ruth McKenney has been absorbed in labor unrest in Akron. Jake Falstaff died just as he was beginning to make literature of farm life in the Reserve. One of the few novels, in fact, which gives any sense of the richness and the tradition of life along Lake Erie is Walter Havighurst's "The Quiet Shore."

Fraser Young's Literary Crypt: No. 81

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 81 *will be found in the next issue.*

A L C B C X P N M I N A U
L M H G L N V A L V M T Z, L V K
W Y L M A N M T Y U T A X Y N M N V
E X G Y M X D D X V A L C B.

—ZULBTZWTLYT.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 80

TO BECOME AN ABLE MAN IN ANY PROFESSION, THERE ARE THREE THINGS NECESSARY,—NATURE, STUDY, AND PRACTICE. —ARISTOTLE.

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Howells in the Ohio Valley

An Example for a Generation of Novelists

ROBERT B. SINCLAIR

IN 1864 James Russell Lowell wrote to young William Dean Howells: "You have enough in you to do honor to our literature. Keep on cultivating yourself. You know what I thought. You must sweat the Heine out of you as men do mercury. You are as good as Heine—remember that." With those firm, discerning words Lowell advised Howells to leave a loved and well-worn path for an unbeaten, uncertain new one. What direction that path would take neither knew; but Howells did know what Lowell thought of him—that of the contemporary writers of the Middle West he was the only real poet, a man of sense as well as a man of genius. It was not so much the facile imitations of Heine, which he accepted for *The Atlantic Monthly,* that attracted Lowell to Howells's work; it was the promising new material, for which as editor he was always looking, the Western poems, like "The Movers," in which a pioneer family takes a last look at its home before moving on to the West, and "The Pilot's Story," a Mississippi River narrative that looked forward to the Pike County ballad. But when he gave up Heine, it was not about the West that Howells wrote. After he left Ohio in 1861, he seemed for thirty years to forget his Western background. In 1890, however, he published the first of a series of autobiographical volumes dealing largely with his youth; volumes so rich in their reminiscence of Ohio that he has ever since been regarded as the foremost recorder of life in that state.

Howells's Ohio years were the first twenty-four years of his life. He was born in 1837 in the river town of Martin's Ferry in eastern Ohio. His father was a printer and a newspaper editor, a lover of good books and political argument, a humorist and something of a mystic, a hard worker, but too idealistic to be successful in the workaday world. His mother's life was centered in her husband and children. Her brothers were successful Ohio River boatmen, and one of Howells's earliest recollections was of the river-trip in 1840 that brought the family to Cincinnati on the way to Hamilton, Ohio, where his father was to edit the Whig newspaper for the next eight years. For Howells, these were years of school and play, of books and work; by the time he was twelve he was setting type for his father's paper. It was this life in Hamilton that Howells faithfully recorded in the first of his autobiographical volumes, "A Boy's Town" (1890), which is as veracious and sympathetic an account of child life as we have in our literature. But Democratic Hamilton had not taken kindly to the Whig newspaper, and in 1849 the family abruptly moved to Dayton, Ohio, where the father edited a daily morning newspaper, and where, as difficulties mounted, more and more responsibilities were placed on the thirteen-year-old Howells. He arose at four in the morning to deliver papers and often he was still at work at midnight setting up the late dispatches. In spite of this unflagging work, the enterprise was a total failure.

IN 1851 the family moved to the valley of the Little Miami in Greene County, Ohio, where the father took over a flour mill that he intended to convert into a paper mill and where he hoped to found a community. That winter they lived in a log cabin until a new house could be built, and Howells had a taste of genuine pioneer life. He wrote of this venture in a little book, "My Year in a Log Cabin," where the homely details of family life, the carefree, happy childhood, and the hopes and anxieties of the parents are weighed in that happy balance that is one of Howells's first achievements. But this venture also was a failure. After several removals the family went north to Jefferson, Ohio, in the Western Reserve, which from that time was the Howells's home.

William Dean Howells

After 1856 Howells worked as a journalist in the growing capital town of Columbus, first doing legislative reporting for a Cincinnati paper and later becoming a news and editorial writer on the *Ohio State Journal.* The two volumes that in particular describe this life are "My Literary Passions" (1895), in which he traces his reading from the early love of Goldsmith, Cervantes, and Irving in the Hamilton days to the influence of Tolstoy in the 1880's after he had left Ohio, and "Years of My Youth" (1916) in which he retells the story of his early life and fills in the details of his later Ohio years. Of particular interest in the latter volume is the picture of Howells's life in Columbus: the routine of newspaper work, the political scene of which he was a close observer, the eager social life of the provincial capital—the evening parties, the round of calls, the talk about books, Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot—the companionship of Piatt, his roommate and fellow poet, the hardly heard thunder of the coming Civil War, and behind all this the intense personal life of the beginning poet trying to express himself. In these years Howells's "literary passion" was his love of the poetry of Heine, and his earliest significant verses were those imitations that Lowell thought good enough to publish. In 1860 Howells and his friend, Piatt, published their verses in Columbus in a little volume called "Poems by Two Friends"; and the same year Howells wrote a campaign biography of Lincoln, the reward of which was the consulship at Venice.

On his first trip to the East, Howells met Lowell and made a marked impression on him and on other members of the Boston literary group. After the four-year Venetian interlude he was invited to Boston to become the assistant editor of *The Atlantic Monthly,* and in a few years was made editor. Soon he was writing the prose fiction that made him the outstanding novelist of his day. To all appearances Howells had ceased to be a Westerner; by his own account he had become an "adoptive Bostonian."

Why did Howells write so little about Ohio? Of his thirty-six novels only five have an Ohio setting; and besides a book for children, "Stories of Ohio" (1897), there are only a few Ohio essays and poems. For a long time he thought of writing a novel of life in Columbus before the Civil War; but that novel was never written. When he wrote his earliest novels, the subject that attracted him was the contrasting manners of the East and the West, represented, to be sure, by western New York. Then he began

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to draw on his Venetian experiences and the international scene, and by the late 1870's his observations in New England were furnishing him material for novel after novel. It was not until he moved to New York that Ohio appeared in his fiction.

Of the novels in which he describes Ohio, the Ohio setting in "A Hazard of New Fortunes" (1889) is only incidental; in "The Coast of Bohemia" (1893) and in "The Kentons" (1902) it is merely a point of departure for the later story; but two, "New Leaf Mills" (1913) and "The Leatherwood God" (1916), are wholly novels of Ohio. In "A Hazard of New Fortunes" Howells describes the natural gas boom in northwestern Ohio in the 1880's and the development of Findlay, called Moffitt in the novel, to account for the fortune of a newly-rich, newly-arrived New Yorker. In the first part of "The Coast of Bohemia" a young American artist comes to Ohio to do for the Middle West what the contemporary French painters had done for France. He visits a county fair, as the most colorful and vivid episode of rural life, and Howells's description of the fair is inimitable in its fidelity and amusing irony. "The Kentons," the most interesting of his later novels, is the story of an Ohio family who flee to New York and then to Europe to avoid the

objectionable suitor of the elder daughter. The account of family life in the Middle West, particularly in its faithfulness to adolescent life and the problems that perplex parents of teen-age children, is notable for its humor and understanding.

The two Ohio novels, written late in his life, differ from Howells's other work in that each was based on another book. "New Leaf Mills" Howells called a chronicle. Its fictional element is slight, but it is expertly grafted on that chapter of his autobiography, "My Year in a Log Cabin." The same warm reminiscence, the contrasting characters of the father and mother, the account of happy childhood, the solid reality on which the narrative is built, and the delicacy of touch are present in the novel as in the autobiography. And the added story of the unhappy heroine, harassed by a trifling lover and a vicious mother, give a depth of tragedy and remorse to an already memorable narrative. "The Leatherwood God" follows closely a narrative by Judge Taneyhill of religious fanaticism in eastern Ohio in the 1820's. The story tells of the sudden appearance at a camp meeting of Joseph Dylks, an imposter, who converts many in the community to the belief that he is the Messiah. His failure to perform a miracle and the hostility of the unbelievers cause him to be persecuted and driven from the community. Howells introduces into the narrative Dylks's deserted wife, now remarried, who lives in the community. The problem of her relations to the imposter and to her second husband and her conflicting emotions are analyzed with a fineness of feeling and perception that one associates with Howells's best work.

Although Howells wrote little of Ohio, as the leader of the realistic school of fiction, he was an example to a whole generation of novelists in the Middle West. Before Lowell died he had the pleasurable knowledge that his shrewdest intuition was preëminently fulfilled, but he did not live to know that when he urged Howells to sweat the Heine out of him and to cultivate himself he was dropping a seed that was to propagate a new literature in the Ohio Valley.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

WALTER HAVIGHURST, guest editor of this issue, is Professor of English at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. After taking degrees at several American universities, he studied in England before joining the staff of Miami. Mr. Havighurst has written a number of books on the Midwestern scene, including "Upper Mississippi; A Wilderness Saga," one of the Rivers of America Series, and "The Long Ships Passing," and with H. L. Haley, he compiled "Designs for Writing."

LIEUTENANT HEATH BOWMAN, of the U. S. Naval Reserve, is a native of Indiana. Along with wider-ranging books, on Mexico, the West Indies, and South America, he has written "Hoosier," an appraisal of the scene and spirit of the Hoosier state.

PHILIP D. JORDAN is a professor of American History and a departmental editor of the Mississippi Valley Historical Review. His most recent book is the fifth volume, "Ohio Comes of Age," in the new six-volume history of Ohio published by the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society.

CLARK B. FIRESTONE has had a varied career as a newspaperman and is now associate editor of the *Cincinnati Times-Star*. His intimate knowledge of the Midwestern rivers is reflected in "Sycamore Shores," "Bubbling Waters," and "Flowing South."

GRANT C. KNIGHT, Professor of English at the University of Kentucky, is a poet, a critic, and a literary historian. His critical works include "American Literature and Culture" and "James Lane Allen and the Genteel Tradition."

LOUIS BROMFIELD, one of a group of famous expatriates in the twenties, has returned to his native Ohio, scene of his most successful writing. During recent years he has figured in the news as a dirt farmer and a leading advocate in the Midwest of agricultural conservatism. His "Early Autumn," part of a trilogy which brought him fame and acclaim at an early age, won a Pulitzer Prize in 1926.

ROBERT F. ALMY, after schooling in Dartmouth and Harvard, has taught English in Midwestern universities. He is now a member of the Department of English of Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio, where he has established a pioneer course in Regionalism in Contemporary American Literature. He does not regard regionalism as a literary end but rather as a useful method of relating literature to the varied terms of American life.

TED ROBINSON is the dean of Midwestern book-reviewers. His daily column, "A Philosopher of Folly," and his Sunday book page are widely read features of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

HARLAN HATCHER was recently ordered to inactive duty by the Navy to take up the office of Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at the Ohio State University. He is the author of novels laid in Ohio and Kentucky and of "The Buckeye Country." "Connecticut Goes West," in these pages, is an adaptation from a chapter in his forthcoming "Lake Erie," in the American Lakes Series.

ROBERT B. SINCLAIR, now serving in the U. S. Army in the Caribbean area, is a native of Indiana and has taught English in universities of Indiana and Ohio. He has followed the path of Howells's youth in Ohio and has located a number of scenes, generally unnoted, which figure in his autobiographical works and in his Ohio fiction.

JAMES H. RODABAUGH, a Research Associate of the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society, has devoted himself especially to a study of social and economic currents in the Middle West in the early years of the present century.

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A Decade of Reform

Writers Helped to Throw Out the Rascals

JAMES H. RODABAUGH

THE end of the nineteenth century found the nation in a state of political unrest. The turmoil of the time found expression in the rise of labor, the highly charged agrarian movement, and the emotional tensions of the campaign of 1896. With the triumph of the capitalists, under Hanna and McKinley, there came an inevitable struggle in which society sought to protect itself from exploitation. Out of the West rose a cry of protest against the evils of the political and economic system and a program for reform.

It was not surprising that a reform movement should take shape in Ohio. That state, originally dominated by agriculture, had since the Civil War experienced a conversion to industrialism and the growth of large urban centers. Virtual governors of the state were the large industries, banks, and public utilities, ruling through their political agents, the bosses. George B. Cox of Cincinnati, Mark Hanna of Cleveland, and George P. Waldorf and Walter F. Brown of Toledo, were Ohio bosses whose names achieved national recognition. Other men, such as Calvin S. Brice and Henry B. Payne, Democrats, Joseph B. Foraker and Arthur L. Conger, Republicans, were representatives of the power of corporate wealth in state and national politics. Boodling and grafting their way into the legislative halls and city council chambers, the agents of the business interests secured for their clients special privileges in the form of public utility franchises and protection from governmental limitations.

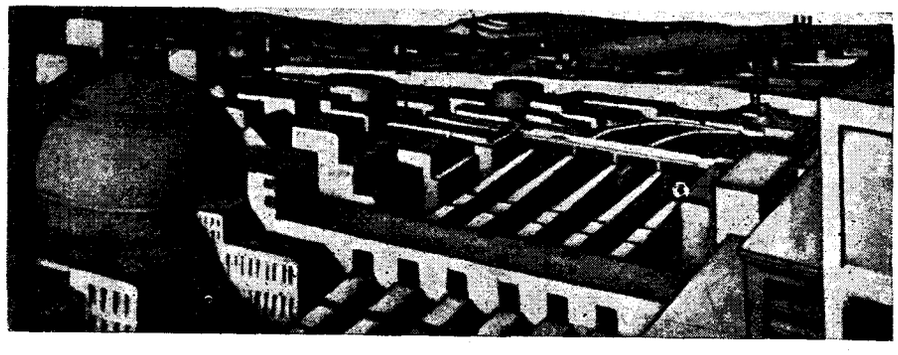
Ohio's voice of protest and reform concentrated upon municipal administration. The city, "the spawn of the industrial order," became "the hope of democracy." In this microcosm the problems of the people might be solved; and the findings, it was hoped, would reverberate throughout the national consciousness. The election of Samuel M. (Golden Rule) Jones as mayor of Toledo in 1897 was the first bold stroke at bossism on the Ohio scene. Jones, a wealthy manufacturer of oil well machinery, was endowed with a deep love of his fellowmen and imbued with the social philosophy of Jesus, Whitman, and Tolstoy. About him gathered a coterie of young men devoted to the cause of improvement of social conditions through constructive efforts to rectify the economic order. Among these the novelist Brand Whitlock was Jones's closest friend and literary guide, and he succeeded Jones as mayor, serving from 1905 to 1913. For four terms apiece Jones and Whitlock were elected to the office as independents or non-partisans, in spite of the systematic opposition of the business interests, the self-nominated "good people," the ministers, and the regular political parties.

In Cleveland, a similar movement won prominence with the election of the independent Democrat, Tom L. Johnson, as mayor in 1901. Johnson also attracted young adherents, among whom Peter Witt, Frederic C. Howe, and Newton D. Baker were to achieve national fame. Baker, like Whitlock, served his chief as legal advisor, confidant, and literary preceptor, and carried on the work as mayor, 1912-1916. The Toledo-Cleveland groups associated closely, and the movement for reform of municipal administration became a joint effort. They campaigned for one another, fought side by side before the General Assembly for legislative action, and advertised their program in books, newspapers, and periodical literature.

The philosophical background of the "civic revival" derived immediately from the works of Henry George, Edward Bellamy, and Henry Demarest Lloyd. Their analysis of the unwholesome development of industrial civilization, their protest against the rise of overpowering business combinations, and their conclusion that the state and a planned economy were the agency and means of achieving economic democracy became the guiding principles of the movement. The program of the two cities attracted sympathetic minds throughout the nation. Mayor Hazen S. Pingree personally acquainted Jones and Toledo with the success of his reforms in Detroit. John P. Altgeld and Clarence Darrow visited the Ohio reformers, corresponded with them, and advised them. Lincoln Steffens frequently stopped in Cleveland and Toledo, and publicized the Cleveland program in his *McClure's* article, "Ohio: A Tale of Two Cities," in 1905.

IN these years the two cities became the focus of a national group devoted to the search for social justice in America—a group composed of political leaders, preachers of the social gospel, literary figures, and notable newspapermen. Among those who visited the reformers and watched the experiment with high hopes were Jane Addams, Robert Ingersoll, Herbert N. Casson, Washington Gladden, Lyman Abbott, George Davis Herron, Eugene V. Debs, George, and Lloyd. The poets Edwin Markham, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, and Ernest Crosby were intimately acquainted with the reform movement and its leaders. Two influential newspaper publishers, E. W. Scripps and William Randolph Hearst, gave support to the movement; some of the civic reformers maintain that without the assistance of the Scripps papers the movement would have aborted. Editors who applauded the Toledo-Cleveland experiments included Louis F. Post of the single tax weekly, *The Public*, Norman Hapgood of *Collier's*, and Albert Shaw of the *Review of Reviews*. The offices of the mayors of the two cities were the rendezvous at times for newspapermen such as the Socialist, William J. Ghent, George Creel, Mark Sullivan, and Samuel Hopkins Adams.

The Ohio group gave verbal expression to its program in a varied literature of reform. Sam Jones initiated the publicity campaign of the Toledo movement in 1899, in a volume entitled "The New Right," "A Plea for Fair Play through a More Just Social Order." In simple style he told of his life, of his vision of a semi-socialist municipality free of partyism and spe-



—*From the frieze by John F. Holmes*

Modern Cincinnati

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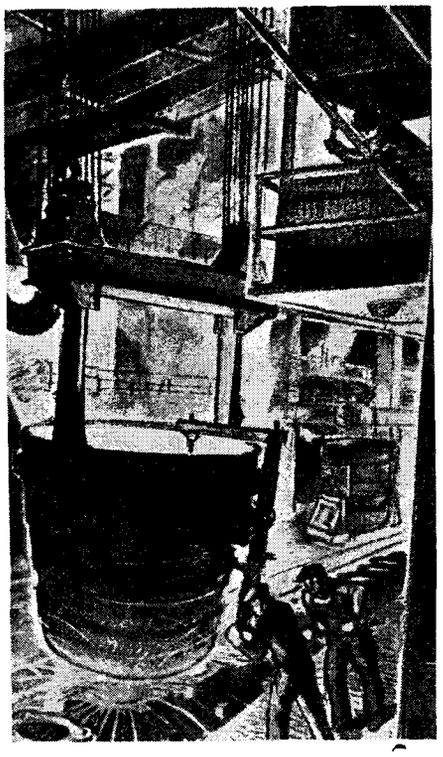
cial privilege, and of his ideals of love and the brotherhood of men. This was followed in 1900-1901 by two volumes of "Letters of Love and Labor," composed of letters to his employees in which he outlined his philosophy of social equality and explained how he made his factory an experiment in American democracy. Jones also contributed to such periodicals as the *Arena, Independent, Outlook,* and *Municipal Affairs.* Johnson wrote little, even producing his autobiography, "My Story" (1913), through a literary editor; he was primarily an administrator and campaigner. He preached the words of Henry George whose disciple and campaign manager he had been, and fought monopoly and special privilege with political campaigns.

THE significant writers of the civic reform movement were Howe and Whitlock. Inspired by the later novels of Howells, Whitlock wrote a penetrating novel of American politics in "The Thirteenth District" (1902). In 1907, while mayor of Toledo, he won a share of fame with "The Turn of the Balance," a crusading novel which analyzed the economic causes of crime and the vicious effects of society's methods of punishing offenders. Toledo might well have been his setting, and the Ohio penitentiary was undoubtedly the repellent scene where society exacted its revenge upon criminals. The novel is an important one in our national literature of protest and exposé. A touching little story, "The Gold Brick," which Whitlock published in the *American* in 1908, revealed the emotional eddy of the Ohio reform movement as it revolved about the personalities of Jones and Johnson. In *Collier's, The Saturday Evening Post,* and other popular magazines Whitlock contributed vigorously to the literature of reform which marked the first decade of the century.

Whereas Whitlock revealed the emotional current of the civic reform movement, Fred Howe produced more academic analyses of conditions. His book "The City, The Hope of Democracy" (1905), was the expression of the philosophy, hopes, and activities of the civic reformers. In another volume, "Privilege and Democracy in America" (1910), he reviewed the concept of special privilege, a concept which the reformers contributed to American political theory. Howe was the most active of the group in preparing articles on the movement, most of them on the government of Cleveland. Witt, Cooley, and Professor Edward W. Bemis also contributed articles on municipal administration, reforms in taxation, and the penal and welfare experiments of the Johnson regime. Magazines which carried the writings of the civic reformers included the *Commons, Arena,*



—From the mural by Glenn Shaw

Teeming the Electric Furnace

Independent, Outlook, World's Work, Municipal Affairs, and the *Quarterly Journal of Economics.* The most satisfactory stories of the movement are Whitlock's "Forty Years of It" (1914), one of the notable volumes of American reminiscences, and Howe's "Confessions of a Reformer" (1925).

The civic reformers envisioned a city which owned and operated all public utilities. Bitter struggles, especially with street railway lines, dominated the administrations of Jones and Johnson. They introduced beautification and civic center projects, provided museums and art galleries, parks and playgrounds, bathhouses and swimming pools, free concert halls and municipal bands and orchestras. Kindergartens, scientific schools, municipal universities, and vocational education were also in the program. To provide employment in times of economic stress slum clearance and public works projects were proposed. Both cities turned their attention to the fundamental causes of crime and away from the penal system by which society exacts retribution from the criminal through imprisonment and mistreatment. The police were transformed into service organizations, and their clubs taken from them. Promptly both cities showed a decrease in crime. In Cleveland, the Cooley Farms for the aged, indigent, ill, and those sentenced for crime won national recognition as an outstanding achievement in the field of social welfare.

Reforms in city administration were sought from the state legislature to open the way to the new program. A statewide movement for municipal self-government was inaugurated. Jones and Johnson carried the issue to the people in their respective gubernatorial campaigns of 1889 and 1903. It was here, perhaps, that the civic reformers made their most significant contribution; in awakening in the people of the state a consciousness of politics and of their rights and strength in the field of government.

The movement was not without important successes. In the Ohio Constitutional Convention of 1912, the civic reformers dictated numerous amendments, including provisions for municipal home rule and others which empowered the executive and the legislature to establish controls in behalf of economic democracy. The state administrations immediately following used these powers to bring utilities and banks under governmental surveillance, to guarantee rights to labor, to establish social security and public welfare programs, to revise the penal system, and to extend guarantees of political democracy.

The success of the civic reformers in the Constitutional Convention and in the subsequent state administrations and the outbreak of World War I brought the Toledo-Cleveland movement to an end. Some of its leaders, such as Whitlock and Baker, advanced to the service of the national government. Their absence and the popular reaction which followed the war removed leadership and incisiveness from the movement. It seems fair to conclude, however, that it had some lasting results: much of its program was accepted, its ideas became current throughout the nation, and American people gained a new realization of their political rights and collective powers.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Masefield: "Sea Fever."
2. Coleridge: "Rime of the Ancient Mariner."
3. Byron: "The Destruction of Sennacherib."
4. Shelley: "To a Skylark."
5. Macaulay: "Horatius."
6. Stevenson: "Requiem."
7. Browning: "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix."
8. Burgess: "The Purple Cow."
9. Moore: "A Visit from St. Nicholas."
10. Southey: "The Battle of Blenheim."
11. Herrick: "To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time."
12. Nash: "The Cow."
13. Waller: "Go, Lovely Rose."
14. Service: "The Shooting of Dan McGrew."
15. Poe: "Ulalume."
16. Gray: "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."
17. Noyes: "The Highwayman."
18. Keats: "The Eve of St. Agnes."
19. Thayer: "Casey at the Bat."
20. Whitman: "O Captain, My Captain."

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ROMAIN ROLLAND
(1867-1944)

ROMAIN ROLLAND, the famous pacifist of a generation ago, and author of the "Jean Christophe" novels, certainly one of the finest literary achievements of this century, died two days before the New Year, in his home in Burgundy, not far from his birthplace at Clamecy where his ancestors are buried. In another month he would have been seventy-eight years old.

During the first war he lived an exile's life in Switzerland; he returned to France in 1919, but two years later he was back in Switzerland, an exile again. There he remained until 1938, when he came home and enlisted in a cause even bigger than the cause of pacifism which had been so much a part of his life. In Nazism he had found an evil greater than war; like writers all over the world, he was forced by the pressure of events to abandon convictions built up strand by strand over the years.

Rolland's ardent pacifism, his appeals to the intellect and reason of Europe in the early years of the First World War, and especially his series of articles against the war in the *Journal de Genève,* written in 1914-1915, condemned him to the wrath of his countrymen and their allies. It left him singularly unmoved, as did the Nobel Prize for literature in 1917, the proceeds of which he turned over to the relief of war sufferers.

His "Jean Christophe," which came out originally in twelve volumes, was a prophecy of the great war to come. It was founded on Rolland's love and knowledge of the history of music which he studied deeply, and which he was to teach later in the Sorbonne. But Rolland was far from being a recluse in his earlier years. He had studied in a French school in Rome, traveling through Italy and Sicily where he became familiar with Italian and European society. After his return from Italy, he married the daughter of the great French philologist, Michel Bréal, and a few years later left the social world to become almost a recluse while he wrote a series of dramas and planned "Jean Christophe."

His life's work began shortly after 1900 in a fever of creative energy. It was then that he wrote "Jean Christophe" which, like Dickens's novels, was first printed in a magazine, in this case the *Fortnightly Bulletin,* edited by his friend, Charles Péguy. His lives of Beethoven, Michelangelo, and Tolstoy, his works on musical history and biography, were first brought out in periodical form.

After 1918, his experience with the effects of a world war on innocent sufferers and on race-generous and free minds increased his suspicion of the social and political order in Europe. But instead of the visionary pacifism of the young man he turned to revolution as his theme. He began to study India with fervor, wrote a book, "Mysticism and Action in Modern India," became a friend of Tagore and of Ghandi, the latter of whom came to visit him in France. He produced a series of eight dramas on the French Revolution, one of which, "Danton & July 14th," caused a furore in Berlin, especially; for while France was still cold to him, his reputation had increased throughout the rest of Europe. From 1925 to 1934, he wrote a new cycle of novels, "The Enchanted Soul," and spent several years on a study of Beethoven which was produced in several volumes.

But the world of international politics, in which we all have to live, whether we like it or not, had seized him and by 1935 he had given himself over to what used to be called "pamphleteering." When a creative writer is involved, that is still a good name for it, no matter how fine his cause.

He wrote in 1940: "I have seen the new war threatening which has now taken captive two-thirds of humanity and I have entered the social struggle in a large number of articles collected in two volumes, 'Fifteen Years of Struggle' and 'Peace Through Revolution.' I have taken part energetically in the fight against fascism and Nazism." He had become a friend of Maxim Gorki and was his guest in his visit to Moscow in 1935. It was then he met Stalin and the principal leaders of Russia on whom Rolland said that Gorki exercised a moderating influence.

Shortly before he died, he visited a publisher in Paris to discuss his nearly complete book on his literary association with Charles Péguy. In his later political activities Rolland did not betray his beliefs; he saw that hatred of war could not stop war and in Nazism he diagnosed the immediate cause of the infection. "I have been a republican," he said, "with advanced socialist sympathies and an internationalist at heart, and, as they said in the eighteenth century, 'a citizen of the world,' I have always fought social injustice."

In the end, his beliefs, his struggles for pacifism and later against Nazism, his creed of republicanism, tinctured with socialism, or vice versa, will be a footnote to the history of the day before yesterday. His novels, and especially "Jean Christophe," in which the nature and soul of a musical genius are so powerfully and subtly drawn, his "Colas Breugnon," "Pierre and Luce," and his volumes on music and art, will outlive his reputation as a political actionist.

H. S.

Last Word

By Harry Kemp

THE captain who puts boldly out to sea
And does not skirt the cowardly coast, has led
Ever, Man's long advance: speak not to me
Of cautious charts and old men's proverbs said
To drag against the soaring ecstacy.
Without God's fools where would the Present be?—
Bridegrooms who took Disaster to their bed
And gave the world a golden progeny!

To woo Destruction with so fair a face
Is better than to rot in one sure place:
Sometimes a Cause is nothing till it's lost.
For all this soon-dreamed, passing life of ours
And fear of thorns that guard consummate flowers,
Give me the man who does not count the cost!

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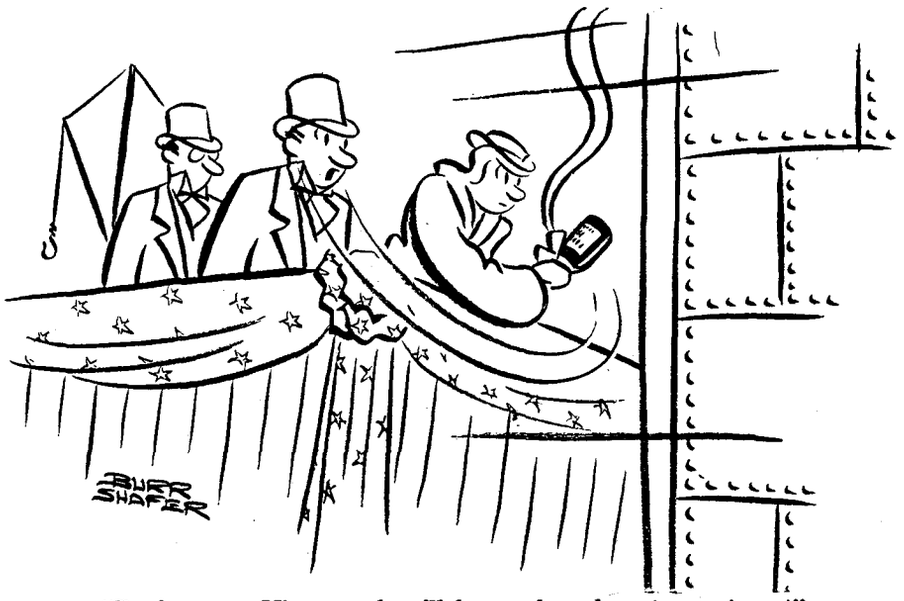
Mr. Wecter Replies to Mr. Waller

SIR: Mr. Willard Waller's solemn irritation over my review of his book "The Veteran Comes Back," expressed in his letter of December 9, calls for a reply. First of all, he scolds the *SRL* for having asked me to review this book, because I happen to be the author of a "competing" book called "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." Mr. Waller then neatly demolishes his own argument by saying, quite correctly, "that the two books are very different in nature, and there is certainly room for both." His is sociological, mine historical; frankly, until coming upon his letter, I did not suppose Mr. Waller was in any sense my rival.

Also, apparently he blames the *SRL* for failure to identify me at the time as "the author of a competing book." Surely he did not expect *me* to mention my book in the review, to gain free publicity at his expense. And, unless I am mistaken, the invariable custom of the *SRL* is not to tag reviewers' names with their latest book-titles; I venture to think therefore that Mr. Waller is an unaccustomed reader of the *SRL,* and if this be true I should like to tell him right here that he is missing some of the liveliest prose in the nation.

Then Mr. Waller complains that I achieved "an even more questionable position by delaying" my review of his book till mine appeared. If this issue be vital, I expect your clerical records will show that I answered your invitation promptly, shelved another review for you to give this one priority, and sent you the manuscript about a week after the book arrived. Personally I don't see why these details cut any ice, since the two volumes are not at all alike and plainly were written quite independently of each other. Mine, as a matter of record, was substantially finished and announced by the publisher, Messrs. Houghton Mifflin, in late November 1943, although I had the opportunity of adding some material on the G. I. Bill and other particulars, at the end of the book, as lately as last July. But seriously, in respect to Mr. Waller, I cannot see why either of us should subtract from the other's unique glory.

More essentially, Mr. Waller's conviction that I should have refused your invitation to review his book, because the periphery of his field touched mine, strikes me as naive. Must the *SRL* invoke chemists to criticize poetry, and set divines to reviewing treatises on beekeeping? This is a new concept of impartiality. Last spring the *SRL* asked me to review another book, Thurber and Mock's "Report on Demobilization," which paralleled the longest section in my book, that on World War I, but which was no more a "competitor"—in the cloak-&-suit-business sense—than is Mr. Waller's.



"Don't worry, Miss . . . there'll be another along in a minute!"

From that book I learned many new facts, and reported it to your readers as thoughtful, well-organized, solid, and scholarly. I am sorry that I was unable to make a similar appraisal of Mr. Waller's.

Finally Mr. Waller charges me, on two counts, with inhumanity. The first is, that in my book in a paragraph on page 471 discussing the national temper of disenchantment after the last war, I wrote: "Those presently disillusioned—the Lost Generation, who, like the Lost Battalion, gained their fame as *enfants perdus*—probably had the time of their lives in it." Mr. Waller jumps to conclusions that have nothing to do with the context and, assuming that I am talking about all the soldiers of World War I, "many of whom were wounded and shell-shocked," finds that my "sheer callousness . . . is without a parallel in the English language." These are petulant words. If Mr. Waller had read the book with any diligence, I believe he would have found that, whatever its shortcomings, the volume nowhere lacks sympathy for the returning soldier, and the battle casualty in particular, silhouetted against a long historic background of civilian indifference and ingratitude.

To construe my purpose otherwise is simple fantasy. Moreover, has any one before Mr. Waller ever supposed that the "Lost Generation" meant the soldiers *en masse* of the war? Gertrude Stein coined the term, applying it to Ernest Hemingway and his friends the literary exiles of the Left Bank in the 1920s. It soon became linked with a definite set, at home and abroad—E. E. Cummings, John Dos Passos, Harold Stearns, Glenway Wescott, T. S. Eliot, and to a minor extent Archibald MacLeish—and reached perhaps its perfect embodiment in the late F. Scott Fitzgerald. Upon all these young intellectuals and artists war had left its stamp. A few had served in uniform in France or Italy, some had driven ambulances for Norton-Harjes, still others had watched the struggle from civilian sidelines. Fitzgerald himself, who never got overseas, wrote "This Side of Paradise" (as Alfred Kazin notes in his brilliant book "On Native Grounds") "under army lanterns at an officers' training camp." The Lost Generation were a mixed lot, representing a certain state of mind rather than a community of experience; some painfully worked out their own salvation to become very fine artists, others gave up being lost after concluding that no searching-party was out looking for them. Obviously these were the young men I had in view, and it is discouraging to think that so common a label could be misunderstood by any reader.

My second arraignment for cruelty to soldiers is more cryptically made, but seems to stem from my having guessed, in the review, that the average young veteran at discharge would want to be let alone by the social clinicians and theorists, in preference to being overhauled and scrutinized at Mr. Waller's proposed center of "veteranology"—where doctors, psychiatrists, social workers, historians, economists, psychologists, sociologists, criminologists, and experts in government would fall to work on him and his problems. The truly important part of the program for which Mr. Waller calls is already being done, in a most competent way, by Army and Navy hospitals, redistribution centers, rest homes, and Veterans Administration facilities. The rest of the program, if it needs doing at all, in my judgment will never be achieved at any such synthetic research factory as Mr. Waller demands, in his innocent obsession with "the veteran problem" and his attempt to segregate it from

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The Beards' "Basic History"

SIR: There has been a great deal of discussion in the pages of *The Saturday Review* of the "Basic History of The United States," by Charles and Mary Beard. A recently published letter from Lewis Mumford changes such a discussion from a literary controversy over one book to an indictment of the work of the Beards since 1930. Most of Dr. Beard's books, published since that time and before, bear the Macmillan imprint. They represent books which we have been proud to publish and which in our opinion will remain among the outstanding contributions to the historical literature of our day.

We believe that the test of time will confirm this judgment. In the meantime, the Beards are being recklessly attacked for a few pages from their latest work, which obviously represents their sincere and studied opinion of the significance of certain recent events and the conclusions which they themselves have drawn from them.

A certain amount of hysteria is inevitable in times of war which makes it even more important that we keep in mind the ends for which we are fighting. It would seem to me that one of the most important of these is the right of all scholars of integrity to say or write what they believe to be true within their own fields of study.

It also seems to me that individuals such as Mr. Mumford and magazines such as *The Saturday Review* have an obligation to the public to see that such expressions of opinion are respected, and that any public discussion of them be carried on with as much maturity as possible. Otherwise, we are taking a long step toward those very conditions that marked the early days of that Nazi regime against which we are now fighting the bitterest of all wars.

GEORGE P. BRETT, JR.
New York, N. Y.

The Truth About Louis Aragon

SIR: Some purpose may be served, even at this late date, in commenting on Paul Rosenfeld's review of two volumes of wartime poetry by Louis Aragon [*SRL*, April 29, 1944]. He didn't like them as poetry, and no doubt he has a right to his own critical opinions. But he also took occasion to charge Aragon with various political crimes, on the basis of what evidence I have been unable to discover. He said that the poet, since the French surrender, had "vociferously championed another political philosophy." He said that "his voice was now regularly heard over the Vichy radio, broadcasting to the strains of the Marseillaise." He said that the two books under review—"reprints of opuscules issued in France and confiscated by the Germans—have revealed the new literary taste paired with his new politics." In other words, he asked us to believe that Aragon's poems were those of a turncoat and a collaborator.

All this was nonsense, and Aragon's friends in this country knew at the time that it was nonsense. There was plenty of evidence that his politics hadn't changed. He had never spoken over the Vichy radio, let alone broadcasting regularly to the strains of the Marseillaise. On one occasion several of his poems had been read over that radio by an actor from the Comédie Française, but that was without his permission. Only the first of the two books under review, "Le Crève-Coeur," had been printed in France and suppressed by the Germans. The second, "Les Yeux d'Elsa," had been printed in Switzerland, and the Vichy government would not even permit review copies to be imported into France. Far from revealing the new literary taste of a collaborator, the two books were examples of the poetry that could be published under great difficulty by a man actively engaged in the resistance movement.

These facts, as I said, were pretty widely known last spring, but it did not seem wise to answer Mr. Rosenfeld at the time. Aragon had disappeared some months before and was thought to be living underground, although there were also rumors that he was in a German prison and that he had escaped to Switzerland. If he was still free, it might be dangerous to publish a rebuttal that would set the Gestapo (and the French Gestapo) on his trail. If he was in prison, it might lead to his execution.

Now that the danger is passed, it is important to set the record straight; and perhaps the best way to do so is to quote extracts from two letters just received by Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Josephson, who are old friends of the Aragons. One letter is from their son Eric, now serving in Europe as a corporal in the Air Force; the other is from Aragon himself, who writes in his incorrect and appealing English:

> Elsa and I are quite well, more or less like nightbirds you took out of their darkness and dropped in full light: it is extraordinary to be back in our own flat, our own bed, even if we have not yet hot water. Last two years have been pretty tough, hiding here and there. We have never left France, and we had, both of us, plenty of opportunity for work of all kind, political and non-political. Elsa turned to be the best-seller in 1943, when we already disappeared! I wonder we are still alive after the experiments of the last months, but that is a fact that we are. Nowadays, I am sitting at the head of the biggest evening paper in Paris, and begging to be a business man. Two books of prose appearing soon, two or three of poetry. Reading poetry in meetings and hearing actors of the Comédie Française read it much worse in the old Théatre Français in front of the General de Gaulle. But that does not change me, you know. . . .

Mme. Aragon writes her successful

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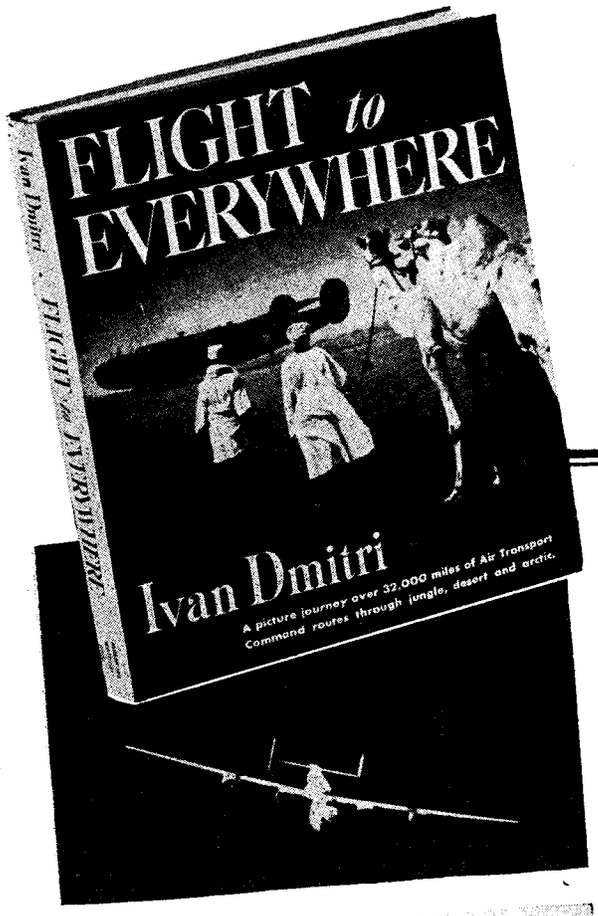
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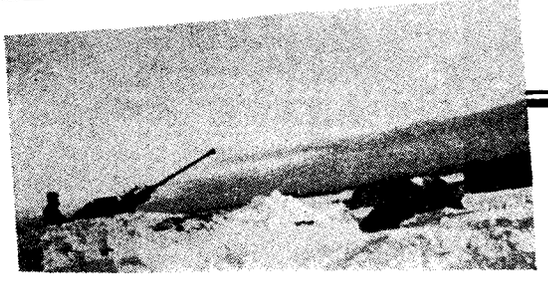

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and quite non-political novels under her maiden name of Elsa Triolet. "The biggest evening paper in Paris" is *Ce Soir,* which Aragon had also been editting in 1939, before it was suppressed by the Daladier government. Other references in Aragon's letter are explained or expanded on by Eric Josephson, from whom I am quoting a somewhat longer passage:

> I am just back after spending several days in Paris and I am literally bursting with news. . . . The Aragons have suffered terribly. Louis is thin and gaunt, his hair all gray. Elsa doesn't appear to be changed much, but he told me she is not well at all. . . . I do not know the whole story of the four years he spent in the south of France (I was only with them a short while). But he had sworn never to leave France and all the reports about his being in Switzerland were incorrect. I think the Aragons feel as amazed at the miracle of their own escape and survival as the fighter pilot back from action over Germany I described to you in a previous letter, except that in their case it was not a matter of half an hour of danger, but four years.
>
> As I say, I heard only part of the story, but the point is they came out of it alive. From what I could gather, it was a series of hair-raising escapes from innumerable situations, such as when the Germans surrounded the town they were staying in because of Partisan resistance there and they had to hide in the woods for several days; or another time when German airplanes strafed the streets of the village so that everyone would remain indoors and a house-to-house search could be made (Aragon did exactly the opposite of what the Germans wanted him to do and left immediately); or surviving a search by the police of the train they were riding on with forged papers. They fled many times; they were always on the move. Aragon himself came to Paris several times during the occupation at great risk of being recognized in the street. Although he said nothing about it, I suspected that the underground made great efforts to protect him.
>
> Now he is back in Paris, editor of the biggest paper there, and a big figure in the resistance movement. He wrote constantly during the years of occupation. I think you heard about the Vichy government's not daring to refuse him the right to publish his work because he was a military hero and had received such high honors. But he told me with great pride that all of his poetry had been published, in many cases by the clandestine journals of the underground. Now he is having all his war poems collected and is longing for a chance to continue his writing.

The moment when the Aragons were about to undergo their greatest dangers seems to have been the moment when Mr. Rosenfeld wrote his review accusing them of serving Vichy. I do not think that history will look too kindly on the armchair warriors for freedom who are, oh, so merciless in their judgments, and who are always attacking somebody in the front lines for having, or being reported to have, the wrong opinions.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Sherman, Conn.

To the Defense of Mr. Coward

SIR: I have not read Noel Coward's book. But I am going to, right away. From what John Mason Brown says about it, it sounds to me like a damned good book, and inspiring, with a refreshing amount of non-misbecalling spades and shovels out of their names.

For the life of me, I can see nothing for anyone to go all conniption-fit-y over what Mr. Brown calls "Mr. Coward's now famously unfortunate line about Brooklyn's." One supposes that amongst 100 soldiers from any town outside of Brooklyn about the same number, after being shot up, would lie "in tears" while awaiting first aid. Tears constitute a not infrequent, nor reprehensible form of nervous reflex from physical shock, or energy, or fright. After a certain not too grave accident, which required, however, a course of sprouts on the operating table, unanesthetized, to my tremendous releif I was able to bawl like a kid. And before a considerable audience of medicos and nurses, none of whom whittled ary finger at me, to put shame upon me for my weakness.

Mr. Brown has said his say about Mr. Coward and his book. To add to the gayety of nations, now let Mr. Coward draw falchion and have at Mr. Brown. Here's hoping he splifficates him. Which should not be difficult for a bright young fellow like Mr. Coward. Sic 'em, Sir Noel! Cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war. I'm betting on you, and offering long odds. *A bas le Br-r-r-r-own.* God and St. George for merrie England!

ROBERT HAMMOND MURRAY.

Harrisburg, Pa.

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"... let him die!"

Wringing Out the Old Year's Mysteries

JUDGE LYNCH

THe detective-mystery story vintage of 1944 is not likely to go down in history as the wine of a Great Year. Some of it sparkled and was reasonably heady, but a great deal of it was flat, and slightly corked.

The number of mystery and detective stories published in 1944 was considerably under the 1943 figure—for fairly obvious reasons. The total number of cases that came before the Judge amounted to 186, and a majority of them were very trying. The three auctorial categories—American, English, and Women—tote up as follows: 130 stories by American authors, 40 by English writers, 3 by a French author—George Simenon, of course. That makes 173 books. The other thirteen were short-story collections and "omnibuses" which count as one book but whose authors are too many to enumerate. Women wrote 60 of the year's output—another new low.

Now for a month-by-month, blow-by-blow record of the books that poked their heads above the fog of a murky year.

January—"You Only Hang Once," by H. W. Roden (Morrow), a pungent appetizer in the tough genre—also slightly dated; "Sailor Take Warning," by Kelley Roos (Dodd, Mead), murder deftly done on the shores of the model-yacht basin in Central Park; "Death Stops the Frolic," by George Bellairs (Macmillan), the mysterious knifing of an English pillar-of-the-church—as good for its background as its story; "Killing the Goose," by Frances and Richard Lockridge (Lippincott), about Mr. and Mrs. North, which is ample recommendation; and "Mr. Bowling Buys a Paper," by Donald Henderson, the most un-moral story of the year!

February—"The Queen of Spades," by H. C. Bailey (Crime Club), Mr. Clunk again in a story of wartime sabotage; "The Outsider," by Irene Cleaton (Little, Brown), murder in Edinboro' of the 1820's—and a capital costume piece; "The Delicate Ape," by Dorothy B. Hughes (Duell, Sloan and Pearce), a yarn of post-war intrigue by a Germany again on the rampage; and "Home Sweet Homicide," by Craig Rice (Simon and Schuster), which for the money of the Judge and his family was just about the best all-'round mystery-detective story of the year.

March—"The Saint on Guard," by Leslie Charteris (Crime Club), another lively Templar tale, with an American setting and more oomph than most stories in this category; "Profile by Gaslight" (Simon and Schuster) edited by Edgar W. (Buttons) Smith, sundry papers on S. Holmes and Dr. Watson by members of the Baker Street Irregulars and others.

April—"The Parchment Key," by Stanley Hopkins Jr. (Harcourt Brace), a pseudonymous surburban murder yarn by a young lady, despite the moniker, from whom we hope to hear more and Morley; "Corpse de Ballet," by Lucy Cores (Duell, Sloan and Pearce), just what the name implies, with plenty of frenetic ballet background and a pleasing detective.

May—"Great Tales of Terror and the Supernatural" (Random House), the best collection of its kind in existence; "Escape the Night," by Mignon Eberhart (Random House), and "Said the Spider to the Fly," by Richard Shattuck (Simon and Schuster).

June—"Towards Zero," by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead), a superb *tour de force,* in which Poirot is not too much missed; "Button Button," by Marion Bramhall (Crime Club), interesting not only as a murder story but for its background of button-collecting and its frenzied addicts.

July—Very slim pickings this month. "Rim of the Pit," by Hake Talbot (Simon and Schuster), in which the supernatural plays a leading part until a cynical sleuth splinters the horrors into tiny bits; "Brides Castle," P. W. Watson (Farrar and Rinehart), a Gothic yarn of murder in old England—with modern trimmings—wordy but good fun.

August—"Bullets for the Bridegroom," by David Dodge (Macmillan), spies and lovers in Reno; "Till Death Do Us Part," by John Dickson Carr (Harpers), a typical chilled-steel Carr plot, that begins better than it ends; "You the Jury," by Jean Mayer Liebeler (Farrar and Rinehart), a courtroom affair and one of the best of that ilk since "The Bellamy Trial."

September—"Not Quite Dead Enough," by Rex Stout (Farrar and Rinehart), three passable Nero Wolfe stories; "The Dark Tunnel," by Kenneth Millar (Dodd, Mead), the best "suspense" yarn of the year—one long thrilling chase.

October—"The Dark Street," by Peter Cheyney (Dodd, Mead), the outstanding espionage tale of the year; "Death Comes As the End," by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead), a murder yarn of ancient Egypt which came closer to mummifying the Judge than anything else; "Death at the Depot," by D. G. Hastings (Harpers), no great shakes as a mystery but a grand job of Vermont gossiping; and "Panic," by Helen McCloy (Morrow), which boasts the best cryptogram of the year.

November and *December*—"The Case of the Black Eyed Blonde," by Erle Stanley Gardiner (Morrow), the best Perry Mason yarn in many seasons; and "Darkness of Slumber," by Rosemary Kutak (Lippincott), psychiatry, politics, and poison—the outstanding first-mystery of the year, and one of the best.

There you are. You won't go far wrong with any of them, even if they don't measure up to standards set in earlier and happier years.

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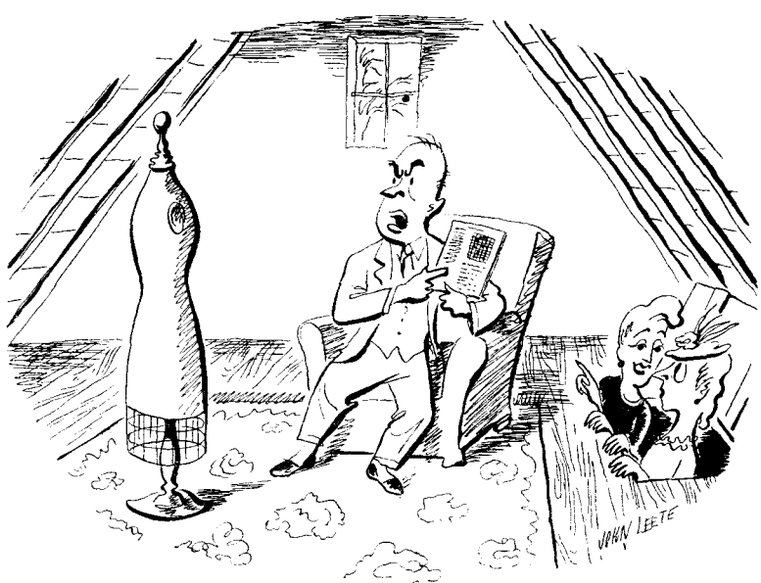
TRADE Winds

WITH TEN CURRENT Broadway successes based on books, and two more coming in as soon as theaters are available, producers and their agents have taken openly to inviting publishers to sit with them in the front room of "21," and Max Gordon is trying to find a way of getting the weekly *Tribune* best-seller lists a day ahead of anybody else. Three of the most resounding hits are "I Remember Mama" (from "Mama's Bank Account"), "A Bell for Adano," and "The Late George Apley," tickets to all of which are available in exchange for a dozen pairs of nylons or a $5,000 war bond.

Leo Carroll's superb acting in the part of George Apley provides special delight for literary lights in the audience who soon discover that his characterization—posture, habits, voice inflection—is based on a meticulous study of John Marquand himself. Furthermore, he bears a startling resemblance to Thomas Mann. The play by Mr. Marquand and George Kaufman is necessarily very different from the novel, and everybody who sees it owes it to himself to read the book, or vice versa (*adv.*).

When Roger Butterfield was working on a piece about Marquand for *Life* he uncovered two flavorsome anecdotes about him. . . . In a New York dining room Marquand took violent exception to the statement of a stoutish gentleman that writing a book was like building a bridge. "A book," said Marquand firmly, "is an idea and a bridge is a thing." "I disagree with you," said the stoutish gentleman. "A book actually *is* a bridge—between the author and the reader." "And *I* disagree with *you*," snapped Marquand, and stopped just as he was about to add "you damn fool." He suddenly recognized the stoutish gentleman. He was Herbert Hoover. . . . One New Year's Eve, Marquand's son John, then seventeen, was out in the family car. Marquand was afraid that in the midst of the general jubilation an accident might occur. The telephone rang. It was the doctor in his home town. "Your father's just run into a telephone pole," he reported. "He's rather banged up, but he'll get over it." "Maybe," admitted Marquand, "I've been worrying about the wrong generation all the time." . . .

FLAMBOYANTLY ADVERTISED and publicized novels often do little more than tickle the vanity of their publishers; the real profits come from "sleepers" on the backlists that sell in the thousands year after year without a penny being spent to exploit them, or a moment's time given to them by the sales and editorial departments. "The Fanny Farmer Cook Book," "Mathematics for the Million," Louis Untermeyer's poetry anthologies, and Van de Velde's "Ideal Marriage" (which sold 15,000 copies in 1944 at $7.50 apiece) are only a few examples. More surprising is the record of a book on the Knopf list: Kahlil Gibran's "The Prophet." This book was published first in 1923. Its annual sale has never dropped below 10,000, and began to soar with the outbreak of World War Two. In 1941 it sold 16,000 copies; in 1942, 22,500; in 1943, 43,500, and the 1944 total will exceed 70,000. The overall sale is now something like 320,000—all at $2.50, since no reprint ever has been permitted. The author died in 1931, and bequeathed his estate to a little village in Lebanon called Becharri. The royalties go there regularly twice a year, and the canny natives found a way to get their hands on them despite all wartime currency restrictions. . . . Special interest attaches to the record of "The Prophet" by virtue of a new biography of its author by Barbara Young, one of his American disciples. Knopf will publish it in a few weeks under the title of "This Man from Lebanon." . . .



"This is where George comes when he gets stuck on Mrs. Kingsley's Double-Crostics."

"THERE'S A MAN OUTSIDE," said a publisher's secretary, "who insists on seeing you right away." "What does he want?" grumbled the publisher, annoyed at being interrupted in the middle of one of Elizabeth Kingsley's double-crostics. "He wants you to publish his memoirs," the secretary reported. "He says he's the man who shoves his right arm down lions' throats in Osa Johnson's wild animal pictures." "Hmphh!" snorted the publisher. "What does he call himself?" "Lefty," said the secretary. . . . *The Christian Science Monitor* quotes the following graduation address by a certain happily married college president. "Gentlemen, many of you will marry. Let me entreat you to be kind to your wives. Be patient with them. When you are going out together, do not worry if your wife is not ready at the appointed time. Have a good book nearby. Read it while you wait. And, gentlemen, I assure you that you will be astonished at the amount of information you will acquire." . . . Richmond Miller sends me a new Quaker story. It's about Roger Wilson, who was bound for relief work in France, and needed special papers and identification discs. When asked his religion he said, "Quaker." To which the official in charge replied, "That ain't a religion. It's a trade mark!" . . .

SIMONE SCHWIND writes excitedly to tell me that the girl who handles her subscription to the *SRL* has named her new baby after Thomas E. Dewey, because every twenty minutes he hollers that it's time for a change. . . . A *Life* photographer reports a poignant moment in the late campaign, when the Republican candidate consented to pose for a picture. When it was finished the photographer said reproachfully, "You promised to smile for me." "Damn it," said Mr. Dewey, "I *was* smiling." . . . Duell, Sloan and Pearce have a book devoted entirely to soup recipes, called "A Meal in Itself." One of them begins "Behead 28 larks." . . . James Marshall, who is writing a history of the Santa Fe Railroad, points out that when the

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"Hat? I thought it was an ashtray!"

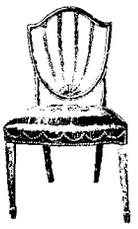
Government took over operation of the railroads in the First World War, the cost to the taxpayers was roughly two million dollars a day. During the present war the same lines are paying five million dollars a day in taxes. Marshall, a lightning calculator, figures that's a net gain of seven million a day to the U. S. Treasury—a neat tune for adherents of government control of private industry to run through on their pianolas. . . .

HERE ARE SOME new stories concerning Columbia's brilliant philosopher, author, and wit, Irwin Edman, collected at incalculable risk and expense by sitting at the sage's feet at a dinner party one evening. . . . Irwin and an English colleague were traveling from London to Oxford when a man in the same compartment suddenly interrupted them by observing "Odd to hear an American voice again. I was out there for a whole year once, y' know." "I hope you found it interesting," said Irwin politely. "Not interesting," was the answer. "I should say rahther amusing." Irwin informed him gravely, "Yes, we are a nation of 130 million people systematically organized to amuse visiting Englishmen." Edman's companion chuckled softly and said, "Well played." . . . One summer Edman rented a Vermont cottage a few miles from the home of Dorothy Canfield Fisher. After a happy two months there, he gave a dinner party for some of his new neighbors. An argument arose. Irwin said, "I didn't bring my encyclopedia up with me, but I'll phone Dorothy." "You can't do that," said Merle Haas. "Why?" said Irwin, "Hasn't Dorothy got an encyclopedia?" "Yes," reminded Merle, "but you haven't got a telephone." . . . Edman delivered a lecture at Harvard recently, and was entertained at luncheon thereafter in one of Boston's most exclusive clubs. A distinguished octogenarian said "Professor Edman, I am about to ask a question, to which if the answer is in the negative, I shall be very much embarrassed." "Shoot," said Irwin. (Well, maybe he didn't put it that way but the meaning was the same.) "Have you by any chance contributed some rather witty verses recently to *The New Yorker?*" "Yes," said Irwin modestly. "Ah, I enjoyed them, but thought that they might have been done by a bright son of yours." "You mean," prompted Edman, "that they were bastard verses?" The old gentleman colored violently. "My dear Edman," he apologized. "I had not the faintest idea that you were unmarried." . . .

LAST YEAR Whitney Darrow, Jr., drew a cartoon for *The New Yorker* which depicted a burly tar stripped to the waist and seated in a tattoo artist's parlor. Across his chest was tattooed the word "Elsie." The tar wanted the tattooer to change this to "Mrs. Jack Williams." The original of this cartoon now hangs in the private office of the President of Bamberger's, in Newark. The President's name is Jack Williams. His secretary's name is Elsie.

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"



If you read the *Tribune Book Review* you'll think CARL DREPPERD'S PRIMER OF AMERICAN ANTIQUES is a book that it would be hard to find one better of its kind; and if you read the *Times Book Review* you'll think that it is a "monumental misconception of what beginners would like to know"; and if you read the book, you'll make up your own mind. It's sort of like anagrams, trying to find the lowest common denominator of two reviews about a book you haven't read, but you can get by eloquently at a cocktail party just gesticulating from review to review. Maybe the *Times* reviewer has a monumental misconception of what beginners have an idea they may take to collecting. But wait! maybe he really believes that it is "probably the best of its kind to appear."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE EDITORS OF THE CRIME CLUB put on their best amythest when MANNING COLES stalk into the office, which isn't strange because they live in England and because MANNING COLES is two people, Adelaide Manning and Cyril Coles. At any rate, they have brought Tommy Hambledon sound but not too safe through the hands of Herr Goebbels in GREEN HAZARD, a new top-notcher to appear on January 29th.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ON A typewritten sheet marked Important Changes, I find the following title changes: THE STARS ARE FIRE—change to RED HEELS; THE STARS NEVER RISE—change to ACHING RIVER; THAT REMINDS ME—change to a STAR DANCED*. This title and author business is very confusing. The confusion arises over just what book it is you are looking for. Is it A TIME FOR DECISION, OF TIME AND THE RIVER, or is it THE VALLEY OF DECISION, or is it HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY. Maybe it was about the deep valley, the deep river, or even the Grand Canyon—or was it Le Grand Canon? Who are these people who complicate our memory so? Is it Max Rhinehart or Alan Dinehart; Elsa Maxwell or Maxwell Anderson or Sherwood Anderson or Robert Sherwood or Robert St. John or Edna St. Vincent Benét or Stephen St. Vincent Millay? Is it Kenneth Grahame or Kenneth Roberts or Owen Roberts or Owen Wister or Mary Roberts Rinehart? And now we're back to Alan Dinehart.

*A STAR DANCED is the new GERTRUDE LAWRENCE book which I'll tell you about next week.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

REGIONALISM AND THE THEATER

THE time: Some twenty years ago. *The scene:* Professor Baker's 47 Workshop at Harvard. *The play:* A one-acter by Thomas Wolfe; a one-acter which had no other choice than to be called "The Mountains." Tom was a pine tree of a man; fresh in those distant days not only from North Carolina but fresh also from Professor Koch's Playmakers.

As a writer who then aimed at being a dramatist rather than a novelist, Tom had chosen a young mountaineer as his hero. A Carolinian writing folk plays could do no less. He was a bookish man, this young mountaineer. You knew this because after all, when the curtain was up, he was discovered reading a book. In nature, where birds are plentiful, one swallow may not make a summer. But in the theater, where everything is supposed to count, one book is enough to establish a reader.

If obviously this mountaineer was literary in his tastes, he was just as obviously unhappy in his mind. You guessed this because the young actor who played him made it clear that he was an inconstant reader. He kept raking his dark hair with his hands. And rolling his dark eyes ceilingwards in distress. And ostriching his head in the pages of the book open before him.

Once the telltale introductory moments were over, devoted as they were to demonstrating in dumbshow that other hillbillies might be happier, this young mountaineer sprang suddenly to his feet. Thereupon he stalked to the window behind him through which a painted mountain loomed on the backdrop. Shaking his fists at this painted mountain, and calling it by name, he cried, "Goddamn yuh, Baldpate, yuh hemmin' me in."

After all these years, those upraised fists, aimed at that unanswering mountain, remain for me the unfortunate symbol of what can be at once ludicrous and limited in regional drama.

Always, or almost always, meaning on A-C rather than D-C, I have believed in regional drama. As a theory. As a hope. As a dream. My belief has lasted as stubbornly as if I were Barrett H. Clark. It has lasted until either in their native habitats or, worse still, away from them, I have been confronted with some of the plays and productions which are regional—and only regional. It is at these moments that my belief, like Excalibur, has disappeared from sight, sinking in my case under waves of despair. It is at these dark moments that I have been forced to agree with Brooks Atkinson's dictum that "a folk play is usually a play that is not good."

I think I know all of the arguments in favor of regional theaters and regional plays. These arguments are as common as goldenrod or the winter cold. They can be heard at every Little Theater conference. They can be read in any thoughtful article or book dealing with the present shortcomings and possible future of our stage. As complaints they are justified. As criticisms they are unchallengeable. As hopes they are beckoning. The only trouble is that they substitute wrongs for corrections, dreams for facts, and intentions for accomplishments. Too often they are advanced by advocates who argue their case with an almost total disregard for the evidence at hand.

What are these arguments? In case you have not kept up with the regionalist's devotions, let me repeat the litany. *New York is not America. Our theater is overcentralized. It denies local option to communities throughout the nation. We are a people rich in folklore. Our present theater is hopelessly parochial, if for no other reason than that it speaks merely for one city. Even in New York the so-called carriage trade* (by which is nowadays meant those vocally equipped to get a taxi) *does not speak for the people's theater. Broadway, when it does remember the road, kills local self-expression by syndicating only what has found favor in New York. Each city or town deserves a playhouse of its own, and its own dramatic releases. Only from such a nationwide theater will a new and true race of American dramatists emerge. Etc., etc., etc.* All these arguments are as right as Churchill, and as threadbare as a carpet on which Hitler has just munched. The trouble is that they leave us where the mice were left who had the inspired idea of dangling a bell from the cat's neck.

They get us nowhere, except as a statement of our hopes and proper discontents. Because regionalism is an expression used perhaps with more confusion in the theater even than it is elsewhere. The virtue of the dramatic regionalists is that they seek to be explorers—of new byways, of customs and traditions, of local passions and prejudices, of fresh idioms of speech, and of an earth-sprung native poetry.

But if these regionalists succeed in no more than satisfying the local audiences of whose country they write, by presenting them with problems, phrases, and characters they recognize as their own, it seems to me that they have taken only a faltering first step.

The next step—the step that really matters—is the extent to which they have managed to make the local universal. Or at least so to present it that we, who are strangers to it, feel included in it emotionally, in spite of any barriers of speech or habit.

Regionalism that is purely regional represents, to my way of thinking, a regrettable isolationism in art. The glory of "Hamlet," for example, is not that it is Danish (which it does not pretend to be). Or Elizabethan (which it certainly is). But that more than three hundred years after its writing it somehow remains for us, when we see it or read it, *our* play as much as it is Shakespeare's. It isn't that any spectator or reader pretends to share Shakespeare's gifts. It is simply that Shakespeare did his playwright's duty fully, and shared his play, and con-

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tinues to share it in spite of time or geography.

In the same way the glory of "The Playboy of the Western World" is not that it is Irish, and wonderfully so, but that it is written with such skill and power that we are made to feel Irish while its music is still ringing in our ears. "Oklahoma!" is another case in point. It is regionalism of the most beguiling, though universal, sort. That it is to be seen in New York and Chicago rather than in Oklahoma may make an ugly comment on our over-centralized theater. But that it delights audiences, unfortunate enough never to have been to Oklahoma, is the measure of its charm.

Most regionalists have erred in making us feel how large a place is the world that is removed from their special scene. But all the great dramatists have so included us in their plays that, while in their presence, our one conviction is that the world must be very small indeed.

What matters in *The National Geographic* may be the setting in which an article is laid. In the theater, however, what matters is not the scene of a play but the genius of its writing. The paradox is that, if they are sufficiently gifted as writers, regionalists cease to be regionalists at all. Only the unendowed among them remain folk dramatists, writing merely for their own folks. Their appeal is as limited as their interests, and their interests are as limited as their talents.

Too often the major difference between our straight plays and our folk plays has been a matter of skill. The antithesis of the regional is not alone the universal; it is also the professional. Too frequently our regionalists have looked askance at Broadway playwrights, despising them as so many city slickers merely because they knew their jobs. Too frequently our regionalists have been convinced that they themselves were full of country virtue merely because they did not know theirs.

Although they have prided themselves upon being amateurs, they have proven themselves to be poor lovers of the theater, if for no other reason than that they have refused to learn it as a medium, or have shown no aptitude for it. They would have us believe that they have mastered the piano because they can wheedle a tune from a paper-covered comb.

Perhaps this is why so many of us, in spite of the hopes we have for them, feel inclined to follow the example of Tom Wolfe's young mountaineer and shake our fists in despair at most of the regionalists in our theater. Their chief gift seems to be for hemming regionalism in, when the point of regionalism is to set regions free.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

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EPIPHANY

LIGHT to lead to light there was,
A star to guide and a star to pass
Trailing heaven: such hope Man has.
But I was born at Candlemas.

Then if the badger walk abroad
Winter with paw he may defraud,
For snow may blow, but snow will pass
As all must know at Candlemas.

Such hope had Man when light toward light
Beaconed low and blazoned bright,
And proudly pacing through the night
Eastern beasts went gold-bedight.

Yet gold within the straw full store
Rafters hid, and a sight of awe.
In a glory of light their Lord they saw.
Spiritus confiteor!

There the Child they did confess
Kneeling all in Eastern dress.
Light of the World to praise, no less,
Lesser candles too we bless.

A star to guide that does not pass
Though all dark life cry loud alas;
Such is the ancient way He has,
Epiphany to Candlemas.

Will Elinor Hopkinson whose letter I printed in the *Nest* for December 11, 1943, concerning Beatrix Potter, kindly send me her address, as I have a letter for her from the *Horn Book Magazine* in Boston?

Much discussion of "Forever Amber" leaves me fairly indifferent, as the book doesn't seem to have much to do with literature, and I have read "Roxana" and "Moll Flanders." How it strikes the average reader is, however, well put by my correspondent, Amy (Mrs. Leonard L.) Grief, of Baltimore, Md.:

BOOK REVIEW

Whenever into bed I clamber
I love to read, "Forever Amber"!
This novel of the Restoration
Is half Romance and half—Gestation.
It's full of Captains and of Kings,
Of Duels, Duets, and—Other Things!
"Forever Amber's" one endeavor
Is make men sigh, "Tonight or Never"!
They leave her wiser, but no sadder.
That's why she climbs the social ladder.
Can't *wait* to find out what befel 'er—
No wonder "Amber's" a Best Seller!

It is good to hear that Percy MacKaye received his fortieth annual royalty cheque from the Macmillan Company this year. His favorite among his books is "A Garland to Sylvia" composed in Italy in 1899, published in 1910, and dedicated to his wife, the late Marion Morse MacKaye. "The Scarecrow," published in 1908, is probably his most successful play, but I remember still one rainy Christmas in California, when, as a young man, I became enthralled in his poetic drama, "Sappho and Phaon." "The Scarecrow" is being made into an opera with music by Norman Lockwood, to be produced next spring at the Brander Matthews Theater under the auspices of Columbia University. His wife dramatized Jane Austen's "Emma," and remains the greatest spiritual influence of his life. Someone once said of MacKaye that he was "the man who has fought for a dream," surely as fine a thing as can be said of anyone. He has been a writer of imagination and great versatility. Now in his age he holds an honorable place in American letters.

George Parmly Day has retired as Director of the Yale University Press, once my own publishers, and has assumed the chairmanship of its Governing Board. Edgar S. Furniss, Provost of the University and Dean of the Yale Graduate School, will succeed him as director. Mr. Furniss is also Professor of Political Science and a member of the Editorial Board of the *Yale Review*. The Yale University Press owes its inception and continuance to Mr. Day. With the active assistance of Mrs. Day he founded it in 1908, while he was in business in New York City. His brother, Clarence Day, Jr., was an inimitable ironist both in prose and with his pencil. He illustrated many of his books with priceless sketches. He also wrote, among other books on his family, "Life With Father," and the play made from the book has had probably the most phenomenal run in the history of the theater. The uncle of the two Days was the Benjamin Day who invented the famous Ben Day process for color printing, and their grandfather, Benjamin Henry Day, founded in 1833 our first one-cent daily paper, the *New York Sun*. [You pay five cents now!]

I thank James M. Osborn for the December issue of "A Seventeenth Century News Letter" in which he says that not Anthony Brewer but the late Tom Tomkis, Gentleman of Trinity Colledge, Cambridge, wrote "His Mistress's Busk-Point" and put the verses into the mouth of Phantastes, a character in his "Pleasant Comoedie" entitled *Lingua,* published in 1607. "They are said to be the beginning lines of the twentieth 'Sonnet on his Mistresses' busk point,' and we can only regret that the preceding nineteen are missing." Next week I shall publish, as thereinafter presented to us, an excerpt from a rare seventeenth century poem that is concerned with Jerusalem garters!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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The Crostics Club

WE are proud to be intrusted with this confidential bit of agony from Will Irwin. And speaking of pride, how about the high honors that have come to our devoted friend, Joseph C. Grew? Our heads these days set most uncomfily under their small hats!

CROSTIC QUATRAINS

Ah, what delight entrances me
If I arrive at t-blank-e!
Yet I from doubt am never free
Whene'er I pore o'er blank-h-e.

S-three-blanks-l—that must be shall—
Delusion foul of Satan fell!
For when next week the answer comes
I find that I've forgotten smell!

How gaily g-h-blank I see!
The empty square means s or t.
But i-blank-blank is not such fun,
It may be ive or ing or ion.

And s-h-blank means she or shy
And a-blank-d is and or aid
G-three-blanks-n is groan or grain,
P-blank-blank-blank is plan or pain.

EPODE

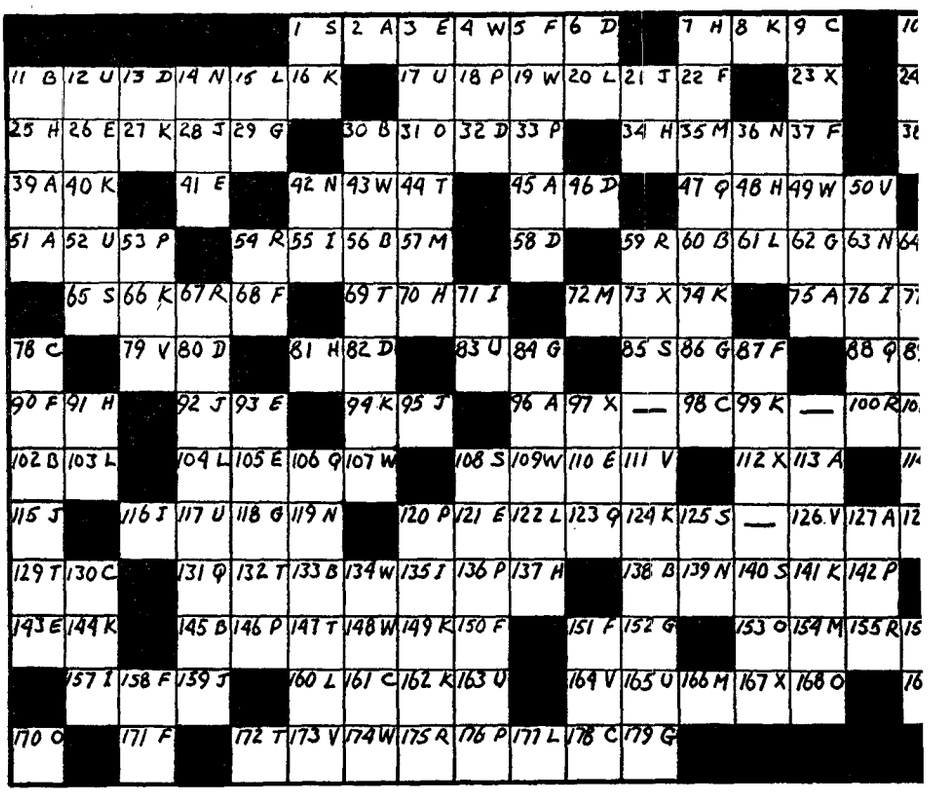
(Wherein the bard cuts loose from iambic tetrameters and goes all out [Eng. Colloq.] for modernity.):

"Or pain or pean or prin (see Webster's Unabridged; it's there) or plin for that matter (it ain't there). But get (slang, Amer.) this one: t-blank-blank-blank-o-blank-blank. And the first blank is in f. One of One of the Begats (Bib.) and it's probably h because when she's up against it for an h she falls back on hissing Hebrew and the next blank is in c. An Abysinnian Ephor and it's ten o'clock and a hard day coming tomorrow. And it's four A.M. You wake with a start, your mind saying "thoroughfare"! And you remark (as paraphrased for an intellectual journal so respectable that it has never been banned in Boston) blank, blank, blank-blank-blank blank!"

Writes Virginia Scott Miner, Kansas City, Mo., in jolly vein: "Remember the story of the little boy who got to play with the bigger ones because he owned the catcher's mitt? Well, I've oversold my subject and lost my mitt." The "mitt" being the *SRL* which she supplied with some gusto weekly, after she had hastily covered it, to the table of the Masters' room in the private school of which in her section she is the sole woman. But, to expedite matters, her fellow member has acquired a three-year subscription now to the *SRL*, and deprived the fun of its edge!

My New Year's Resolution (with a capital): Get those fan-mail files, now a bit overwhelming, cleared!

Miss Imogene Ashe, a fellow inmate of our hotel, furnished me recently with a Viking Press ad from a current magazine, in which by way of illustration from a Junior High non-fiction book, "Copper the Red Metal," by June M. Metcalf, was pictured "the Ancient Egyptian Ankh," symbol for copper. E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 563

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary ***(1940 edition).***

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 13 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Chinese Emperor, first of Manchu Dynasty (1638-61).
B. A companion, spec., a wife.
C. Seditious tumult; outbreak (Fr.)
D. Sprouts or sprigs from the root of previous years, as in sugar cane, cotton.
E. Last American Commander defending Bataan and Corregidor (Jap. prisoner).
F. To hinder or obstruct, as a legislative bill.
G. American woman muralist and landscape painter (1887-).
H. Expiatory festival to Apollo in towns in April (Gr. Relig.)
I. Fielding's last novel (1751).
J. A deep black metallic alloy; or work of this kind.
K. Actor taking parts of secondary importance (Gr. drama).
L. Material matter thrown out of a volcano.
M. Ignorance (rare).
N. Second son of Jacob by Leah.
O. Sheeplike.
P. The eye of a chop, or small choice piece of lean meat.
Q. Not real or actual.
R. English actress (1683-1730).
S. One of the two principal characters in Maeterlinck's "Bluebird."
T. She died for love of Lancelot.
U. A pie of various tidbits, as cocks' combs, sweetbreads, gizzards, etc. (Cooking).
V. Of or in repose.
W. The sense of smell (Physiol.)
X. Very venomous small spider of East Indies, N. Z., Australia.

WORDS

113	75	96	39	51	127	45	2					
138	11	133	145	30	56	102	60					
78	178	9	161	98	130							
32	58	13	80	82	46	6						
110	41	3	93	121	128	143	10	105	26			
151	90	68	22	150	158	171	87	5	37			
86	118	179	62	152	84	29						
81	91	70	34	48	169	137	25	7				
76	116	55	71	135	157							
95	92	21	159	28	115							
40	149	74	124	141	8	94	16	99	144	66	162	
103	160	122	61	20	177	104	15					
154	35	57	166	64	72							
36	14	42	119	139	63							
31	77	153	170	168								
53	136	146	142	33	120	176	18					
156	47	131	106	123	101	88						
155	54	100	67	89	175	24	59					
1	125	140	108	85	65							
147	172	69	132	44	129							
17	38	12	163	117	165	83	52					
50	126	173	164	111	79							
107	134	174	43	148	19	49	109	4				
167	23	114	112	97	73							

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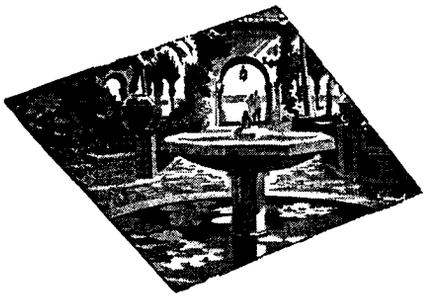
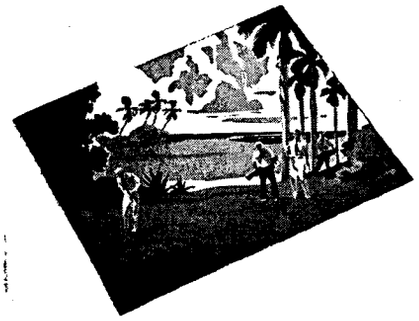
THE *Boca Raton*





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